



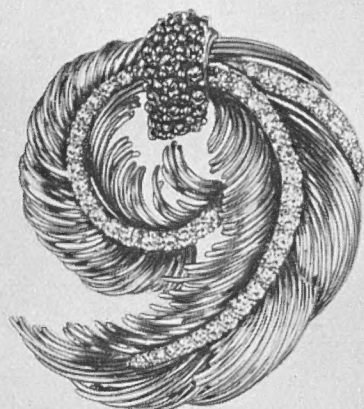
# THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 20 June 1962

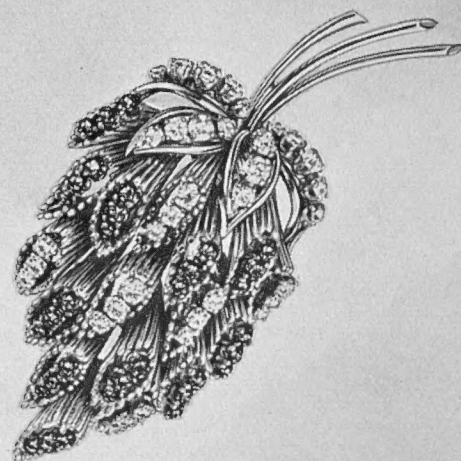
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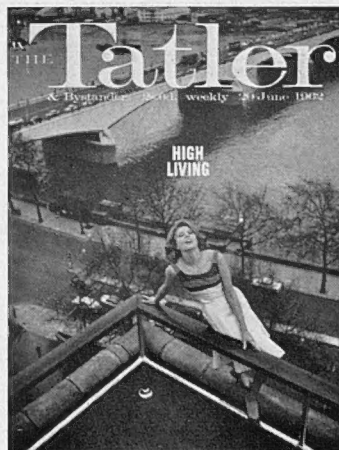
# THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

20 JUNE, 1962

Volume 244 Number 3173

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*Living high begins, appropriately, at the top. The cover girl was photographed by John Cowan on the roof of the Savoy—her dress is from Bazaar, her hairstyle by Vidal Sassoon. For a picture profile of the hotel that means London to most Americans turn to page 733. Fashion makes news all through the year—this week Elizabeth Dickson highlights The Blouse Beautiful and also presents a summer selection of clothes for The Mother of the Bride with sketches by Barbara Hulanicki, page 738 onwards*



# GOING PLACES

## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**The Queen** will attend a gala performance of *Sail Away*, at the Savoy Theatre, in aid of the Edwina Mountbatten Trust, 28 June.

**Princess Margaret** will be present at "A Night On Board s.s. Homeric" in aid of Dockland Settlements, 6 July.

**Princess Margaret & the Earl of Snowdon** will attend a gala performance of the London Festival Ballet at the Royal Festival Hall on 16 July, in aid of the Royal College of Nursing.

**The Queen** will attend a Masque in the Egyptian Hall, Mansion House, on 9 July, in connection with the City of London Festival.

**House of Commons Yacht Club v. Bembridge Sailing Club**, 23 June.

**All-England Tennis Championships**, Wimbledon, 25 June-7 July.

**Festival of Little Venice**, 26-28 June. (Details, Miss Anne Dickinson, CUN 0628.)

**Greyhound Derby**, White City Stadium, 30 June.

**Royal Show**, Town Moor, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 3-6 July.

**Law Society v. Lords & Commons** cricket match, Hurlingham Club, 3 July.

**British-American Ball**, Dor-

chester, 10 July. (Tickets, £3 3s. inc. dinner, from Miss Frances Murphy, 29 Lissenden Gardens, N.W.5. GUL 4352.)

**Open Day at Chartwell**, nr. Westerham, Kent, in aid of the Y.W.C.A., by kind permission of Sir Winston & Lady Churchill. 11 July. (10.30 a.m.-8 p.m., admission 2s.)

**British Empire Games Ball**, Grosvenor House, 12 July. (Tickets, £3 3s., inc. dinner, from Mr. R. G. Hinks. MAY 6253.)

**1st Bn. Beds & Herts (T.A.) Regimental Ball**, Ashridge College, 13 July. (Tickets: Double, £5 5s., single 55s. inc. buffet supper, champagne & breakfast, from the Adjutant, Hertford 4521.)

**Ocean Wave Ball**, Savoy, for the British Sailors Society, 17 July. (Tickets: £3 5s., inc. dinner, from Miss Betty Nisbet. KNI 5108.)

## RACE MEETINGS

**Flat**: Royal Ascot, to 22; Ripon today; Pontefract, 21, 22; Ascot Heath, Worcester, Thirsk, Hamilton Park, Birmingham, 25, 26; Stockton, Folkestone, 25; Alexandra Park, 26; Catterick Bridge, 27; Newbury, Yarmouth, 27, 28 June.

## CRICKET

**Second Test Match**, England v. Pakistan, Lord's, 21-26 June.

## MUSICAL

**Royal Ballet**, Covent Garden. *Les Patineurs*, *Symphonic Variations*, *Le Baiser De La Fée*, tonight; *Le Lac Des Cygnes*, 22, 23, 25, 27 June; *La Fille Mal Gardée*, 26 June; *Les Patineurs*, *Giselle*, 29 June. 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

**Covent Garden Opera**. *L'Heure Espagnole*, *Erwartung*, *Gianni*



● Mr. Michael Romanoff is presented to Princess Margaret by Mr. Frank Sinatra. An incident at the Royal Festival Hall during the midnight matinée that Mr. Sinatra gave there recently for the Invalid Children's Aid Association, of which the Princess is President

*Schicchi*, 21, 28 June; *Otello*, 30 June. 7.30 p.m.

**Sadler's Wells**. A week of modern opera. *Boulevard Solitude* (Henze), 25, 27, 30 June; *Albert Herring*, 26, 28, 29 June, 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672-3.)

**Royal Festival Hall**. Moscow Chamber Orchestra, 3 p.m. 24 June, 8 p.m. 29 June, 3 July; Jazz Concert, The Temperance Seven, 8 p.m. 28 June. (WAT 3191.)

## ART

**Royal Academy Summer Exhibition**, Burlington House, to 26 August.

**Colour Photography**, international exhibition, *Time-Life*

Building, Bond St., 25 June-5 July.

**British Self Portraits**, Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, to 7 July.

**Tribal Arts**, Gallery Forty Three, George St., W.1.

**Society of Women Artists Exhibition**, R.I. Galleries, Piccadilly, to 29 June.

## FAIR

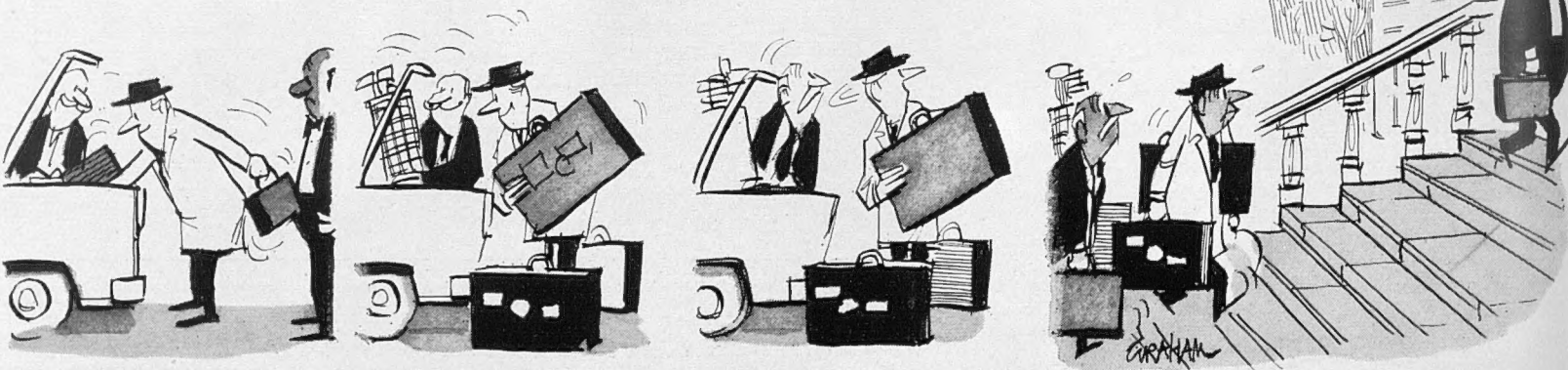
**Antiquarian Book Fair**, National Book League, Abbe-marle St., to 23 June.

## FIRST NIGHTS

**Her Majesty's**. *Judith*, to-night.

**Savoy**. *Sail Away*, 21 June.

## BRIGGS by Graham







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Italian  
Riviera*  
Italian Cotton  
3-piece. Shirt,  
Shorts and Skirt  
12 gns.

Colours:  
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Yellow  
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*From the  
French  
Riviera*  
French Silk 2-piece  
Overshirt 16 gns.  
Bikini 9½ gns.

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White  
Green or  
Petunia grounds

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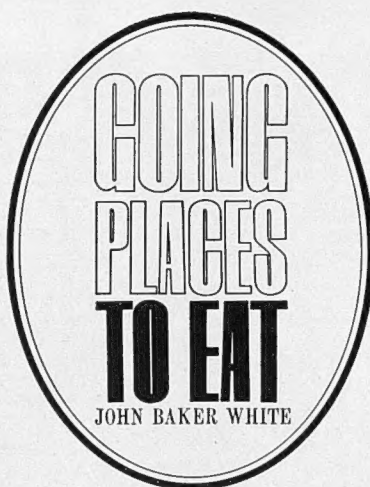
## At Brompton-on-Sea

C.S. = Closed Sundays.

W.B. = Wise to book a table.

**Fisherman's Wharf**, 215 Brompton Road. C.S. Booking essential at night. (KNI. 1505.) Its name, and the window screen of scallop shells, explains its purpose. Fish, and only fish, but cooked and served as it should be. From a menu that contains 18 ways of serving turbot and sole, six speciality dishes, and trout in a number of fashions, I chose Avocado Florida, the pear being filled with grapefruit & prawns in a cream sauce. I followed it with Heligoland Fish Pie, the potato crust of which enclosed lobster, prawns, sole and turbot in a wine sauce. It was excellent. Main dishes cost between 11s. and 13s. There is a fairly short wine list, chosen to match the food. It includes a white Gaillac at 14s. 6d., a dry Austrian wine at 17s. 6d., and a 1959 Franconian Riesling at 31s. There is wine by the glass at 2s. 9d. to 3s. 9d. and in carafe from 10s. 6d. to 14s. 6d. There is also draught Bass.

The decor is challenging—uncompromisingly modern, something to argue about. In the end I came to like it. Blue and green are the predominating colours; the highly original wall lamps are made of shells. **The Casino**, Taggs Island, Hampton Court. Open luncheon and dinner 7 days a week. (Moseley 4311.) Dancing every evening except Sundays. Dinner-dance with a six-course menu for £2 2s. on Saturdays.



It is quite a long time since I have enjoyed an evening so much, but having known the Casino since Fred Karno's days I have always enjoyed myself there. A most friendly welcome, a drink in the pleasant Louis XIV cocktail bar, a good dinner in the restaurant with a table looking out over the river's ever-changing scene, a good but not obtrusive band, and admirable service. Some say that romance is dead. I do not believe it, and at the Casino the young, and maybe not-so-young, can find it. If you have not got a car Green Line takes you there easily. With a car there is no parking problem. And cost? A la carte, without wine, about 30s. per head. W.B. **Le Rouge et Le Noir**, 31 Pelham Street. When I wrote about it recently (30 May) this restaurant had a club licence. Now it has a full licence, which makes life easier. And it is open from 6.30 p.m.

### Wine note

As I have indicated more than once already, the best wines of Burgundy and Bordeaux are becoming very dear. It is therefore worth while looking for the lesser known vintage clarets. To quote Hatch Mansfield's latest report:—

"This year the lesser known growths of the 1959 vintage clarets will begin to appear on wine lists, offering extremely good value and certainly at lower prices than one anticipates that the wines of the 1961 vintage will be. Such wines include Château Beauséjour, Château Pavillon Figéac, Château Ripeau (all from the St. Emilion district), Château Robert, Château Mercier (both from the Côtes de Bourg district), Château Monbadon (a Bordeaux Rouge Supérieur), all costing between 11s. and 12s. per bottle.

"At the same time, it is worth considering some of the attractive red wines of the 1958 vintage such as Clos Renon from the Graves district at 10s. 6d. per bottle, Château Phelan Ségur from the St. Estéphe district at 12s. 6d. per bottle.

"It should also be remembered that there are still quite a number of wines of the 1957 and 1955 vintages which many merchants still hold."

... and a reminder

**The Octopus**, 7 Beauchamp Place. (KEN 4109.) Open 7 p.m. to midnight. Lottie of Kyrenia is back in business—and you can get octopus.

**The Dorchester**, Park Lane. One of the diminishing number of places where it is possible to take tea with comfort and dignity.

**Isola Bella**, 15 Frith Street, W.1. (GER 3911.) As good as it was when I went there over 30 years ago.

**Number Four**, 4 Greek Street. (GER 0726.) Elegant, with high quality foods and a well chosen wine list. Destined to be a favourite with young people.

### CABARET CALENDAR

**Talk of the Town** (REG 5051).

Lisa Kirk from Broadway has the solo cabaret spot, backed by the Four Saints. At 10 o'clock, Fantastico, glamour revue.

**Pigalle** (REG 7746). In the Winifred Atwell Spectacular, the pianist tops a bill that has a cast of 50 and includes star turns

**Candlelight Room, May Fair Hotel** (MAY 7777). Ray Ellington and his quartet play, with vocalist Susan Maughan. The cabaret also features Boscoe Holder and Fay Craig.

**Winston's Club** (REG 5411). Danny la Rue stars in Winston's Night Flight, which also features Anne Hart and Ronnie Corbett. **Society** (REG 0565). Jill Day is making her fifth appearance here.

**Hungaria** (WHI 4222). Carmita, the Fiji-born singer.

**New Night Spot**: Lord Ullin Browne and Paul Adam have opened a new nightclub Brad's in Duke of York Street, S.W.1. Life membership is 30s. After the first, all drinks are 2s. 6d. and wine is £1 a bottle.



Two views of the Fisherman's Wharf on the Brompton Road. The seashell wall lights take up the piscatorial theme





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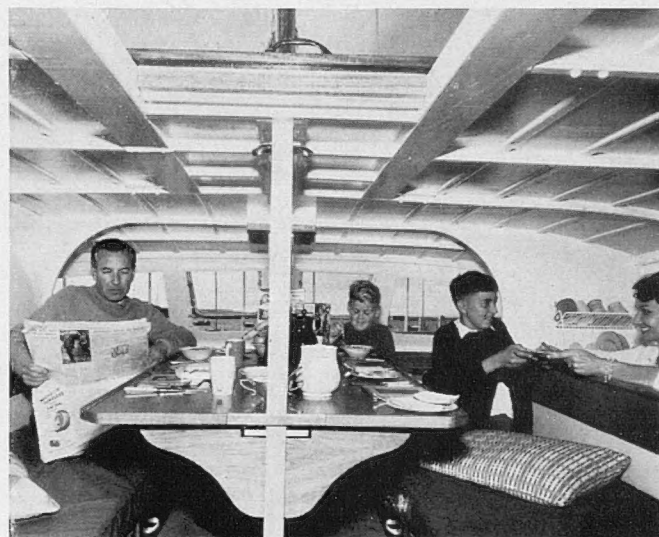
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## Portrait of Munich

MY FIRST IMPRESSION OF MUNICH was "olfactory" rather than visual: a scent compounded of frying sausages and wet lilac. On further acquaintance, this summed up for me the whole mood—or rather, the two moods, of the city that could equally well be pointed by the staple drinks: Munich beer in litre tankards, and the cool, vibrant white wine—served in slender goblets. Also by the chocolate éclair music of the operetta and the meaty weight of Wagner, four of whose operas received their first performance here. In Munich one finds curious overtones of both Manchester and Vienna (however unlikely a mixture that may sound) together with something hearty and hospitable, sentimental and bucolic, typified by the Hofbrauhaus. There is also the grace and elegance of Nymphenburg and the rococo decor of the charming Glockenspiel café whose four little salons are perfectly furnished in their period. People sit there on gilded chairs, sipping hot chocolate of a Sunday afternoon, with Strauss waltzes whispering—but only whispering—in the background.

Munich is a city best appreciated by slightly schizophrenic connoisseurs of mood. If anything, that of the Hofbrauhaus predominates. Munich's most famous monument to *gemütlichkeit* and beer is never empty and until the war it never closed. At midnight, when they start on the marathon task of clearing up the buttends, the tankards and the people, it is a sight worthy of Hogarth. At noon one peers through the smoke to find somewhere to sit (all tables, of course, are shared), while waitresses piled shoulder-high with plates, clatter and joke around you. A street vendor walks by, selling radishes and pretzel. Presently, your litre tankard lands with a crash in front of you. And eventually, you are rewarded by an exceedingly good meal. "*Ich bin in eine grosse eile*" ("I am in a big hurry") was a phrase I learned and treasured from the outset. But to use politely, for they would consider it most impolite to hurry you. The object of either the *weinstube* or the *bierhaus* is to meet and to talk, even to total strangers who happen to share the table. The food and drink are incidental. Leisure would appear to be unlimited.

Unlimited, too, are the typical *bierhaus* restaurants where lunch costs about 7 marks (14s.) with either beer or wine as an accompaniment.



There is also a handful of top restaurants in which the somewhat solid Bavarian food is refined into a true cuisine. One of the most respected is that belonging to the Vier Jahreszeiten hotel (rather the Savoy of Munich), but one of the most atmospheric is Humplmayr: which is large in fact but intimate in feeling, with a great tradition. A speciality is chicken breast stuffed with fresh goose liver, appropriately enough named after Sophia Loren. Quite different: small, theatrical, crowded and chic, is Kanne, which is open on Sunday night but closed on Saturdays. Schwarzwälder, in Hartmanstrasse, completes the top group.

Pursuing the evening further, people go to Schwabing, the artists' quarter on the edge of the suburbs. The district is in no way picturesque, but one cabaret—Gisela, in Occenstrasse—is worthy of note. Gisela herself, an ample girl



The Marienplatz by night

attired simply in shirt, sweater and trousers, manages to convey an almost Dietrich-like impression. She is in fact quite a famous diseuse and her sultrier songs, recorded and subsequently banned, caused a lawsuit. Understandably *verboten* to juveniles, the place is amusing, friendly and gay. An attitude I liked was typified by the waiter who told us that, as the place closed at two, we'd never get through more than half a bottle in the time. So far, tourists don't go there.

On the level of food and entertainment alone (imagine having to choose between *La Traviata* at the Prinzregententheater and *La Belle Hélène* at the Gartnerplatz, not to mention the concerts) Munich is a most rewarding city, and the great catalogue of things to see compensates a quixotic climate. Most important perhaps is the Alte Pinakothek, which has the best collection in West Germany and one of the best in Europe. Raphael, Fra Angelico, and Perugino; Guardi, Canaletto, Van der Goes, Botticelli, Dürer and Cranach are all represented, but its treasure to me were the four Murillos: different studies of a clutch of urchins eating stolen grapes and playing dice.

The Neue Pinakothek has an equally formidable collection, this time of Impressionists. The old Residenz Theater, a rococo jewel, has been reassembled; in the same building is the Schatzkammer: a museum full of jewellery and objets d'art that spans the ninth to the 19th centuries, from the magnificent, crudely jewelled crowns of the Wittelsbachs to the gold & tortoiseshell dressing case of Marie-Louise which includes not only a gold *placement* of spoons and forks but also—of all things—a gold geometry set complete with compass and dividers. Worth a detour from the museum district is the Asamkirche. This surely is rococo at its zenith: even the drapes in the upper balcony are sculpted, coloured plaster, and the pink cherubs cavort with unparalleled zest in the blue sky above it. Cherubs also adorn the confessional boxes but over one of the boxes is a pair of skulls, with the warning note—"Mors peccatorum pessima. . ."

And then Nymphenburg, on the outskirts of the city, with its sweep of lake and formal vistas, built on the model of Versailles, where once lived a bewildering interspersed of Ottos and Ludwigs and Maximilians. It was Ludwig I who built the Neue Pinakothek and encouraged artists and philosophers to come to Munich. He also



was first to deny Metternich's dictum in granting freedom to the press. But perhaps his most interesting relic is the gallery of beauties, painted by Stieler, which occupy an entire room of Schloss Nymphenburg. They were chosen strictly on merit, and include a bookkeeper's daughter (Auguste Strobl) as well as the English Lady Ellenborough and the dancer Lola Montez. The scandal she occasioned was the ultimate cause of his abdication in favour of his son Max.

**How to get there:** Lufthansa operate two flights a day to Munich: one at 11.10 a.m., which arrives, via Frankfurt, at 2.20; and an evening flight which leaves London at 7 p.m., and arrives via Cologne and an excellent dinner, even Tourist Class, at 10.15. Their cabin service is admirable. First-class return is £51 15s., Tourist £39 9s. From now to the end of October you can fly mid-week on a monthly return for £33 11s. Carriers are Viscounts and Boeings.





*Spires of Munich: The Frauenkirche cathedral, 12th-century Peterskirche ("Old Peter"), the Town Hall and the Church of the Holy Ghost*



*Rococo splendour: The Asamkirche    Arches of the Hall of the Marshals, and a corner of the Theatinerkirche*





LAWRENCE SCHILLER

**GOING PLACES IN PICTURES** Dolores Hart from Hollywood makes her British film debut in *The Inspector*, based on Jan de Hartog's novel. She plays the orphan refugee who plans an escape from a concentration camp. On general release from 9 July, the film also has Marius Goring in the cast



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THE TATLER 20 JUNE 1962

# SUMMER COMES TO KEBLE



Summer—as everybody now knows—was a little late this year. It came to Keble on the evening of 1 June with a Summer Ball that was one of the first of the Eights Week dances at Oxford. Two bands played for dancing but most of the 500 guests found time to wander in the grounds of the floodlit college. More pictures by Desmond O'Neill overleaf





SUMMER  
COMES TO  
KEBLE *continued*

*Miss Kasia Szurley, Mr. Tony Morton-Maskell,  
and Miss Cynthia Taylor-Jones*



*Mr. Tom Cave & Miss Anne Archer with ball  
organizer Mr. R. E. S. Moss*



*Mr. Jack Darbyshire pours a glass of  
champagne for a companion*



*Miss Clare Darby and  
Mr. Graham Cooper*



## MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS

AS THE LIBERALS' VOTE GOES UP SO DOES their social activity. Their buffet and dance at Hurlingham, their first big summer event for some years, was a jubilant affair. (See pictures on page 728.) Indeed the only indication that there was any worry at all on the Liberals' horizon was a tray full of stubbed-out cigarettes in front of Mr. Frank Byers, chairman of the party's organizing committee. This impression turned out to be misleading however. Mr. Byers was quite confident. What about all that extra money Liberal policies would cost? "All poppycock," he retorted. "In a couple of months we're bringing out a statement on taxation that will surprise and interest a lot of people. It's not something done by a couple of politicians, it's a real professional job." Bankers, industrialists and economists all have had a hand in it. Meanwhile Mrs. Byers, the ball chairman, was looking after the raffle. And for once at a Liberal Ball I noticed that it wasn't a social coalition, there were no Tories and Socialists lurking about the place. It is all too serious now. "Well, we're glad the Tories aren't here, they always carry off our best raffle prizes!" said a redhead in a pink dress.

Liberals and their admirers who had come to the ball included Mrs. Eric Lubbock, Mr. & Mrs. Tim Beaumont (he's the son of a one-time Tory M.P., and the new chairman of the Westminster Liberals), Miss Heather Harvey, the Hon. Michael Layton, Lady McKenzie Wood, Dr. Leigh Blomfield, and the Hon. Mrs. Whitmore. Almost every other young man had hopes of putting the letters, M.P., after his name. "Being a schoolmaster I've more time to canvass than most people," said Mr. Gordon Shelford, prospective candidate for the Kemp Town division of Brighton, and owner of Brunswick, Sir Winston Churchill's old prep school. "Also, since the Tory vote slumped in Blackpool I'm very confident about Brighton." Mr. Basil Wigoder said his division, Westbury, wasn't in traditional Liberal country, adding "that doesn't seem to matter much any more." An eightsome sent a chair flying half-way across the room. Mr. Wigoder, who's a lawyer, looked at his watch and added, "They're lucky in the House, they avoid a lot of social activity!" The dance was in progress while the House of Commons was still sitting. Such a gloomy view of things was not shared by big, burly Mr. John Baker, who had been in the thick of the more energetic dances. "Richmond is a hard nut," he said. "I'll increase my vote a lot, but even if I don't get in I still enjoy politics." With that he was on to the floor again.

I chatted to Mr. Tommy Nudds, a dedicated man with spectacles, who vets

the Party's prospective candidates. "We're much more selective lately, the chap who means well is no good at all," he told me. "Just now we've got 100 looking for seats—about half of them lawyers, the rest business executives, and professional people. There are about 15 women, two housewives, the rest professional women." To keep up with the flow of would-be candidates the selection committee is meeting a couple of days a week.

Suddenly it was 1 a.m. with the Twist starting in earnest. Lord Rea and some of the older ones quietly slipped away. Where? Perhaps to join the Tories.

### THE SUNSHINE BRIDE

The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret both attended the wedding of Capt. Robin Carnegie and Miss Polly Eccles. The ceremony was at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and the reception afterwards at St. James's Palace, which was a bower of flowers for the occasion. After her coming-out year Miss Eccles, the blonde and only daughter of Sir David Eccles, Minister of Education, & the Hon. Lady Eccles, went to London University; graduating in Arts she later returned to college as one of the University's librarians. The bridegroom shortly leaves the Army and he is going into business. Capt. Carnegie joins Spillers, the milling firm, and will be based initially in Hull.

It was the first really warm, sunny day of the year, and it brought out some chic clothes. Lady Eccles, always so smart, wore a coat of old gold wild silk and a white net hat with old gold spots.

Guests at the wedding included, Lady Dorothy Macmillan, Viscountess Dawson of Penn, Capt. & Mrs. Ian Bowater, Mrs. Ernest Yarrow, Viscount & Viscountess Hailsham, & Mr. & Mrs. Norman Collins. Also there: Miss Diana Reader Harris who was Miss Eccles' headmistress at Sherborne, Mr. Frederick Erroll, M.P., President of the Board of Trade, & Mrs. Erroll, Mrs. Thelma Cazalet-Keir, Lady Gladwyn, Mr. & Mrs. Harry Hodson, Sir Michael & Lady Adeane, Dame Rebecca West, Miss Mildred Eccles McAdam, Mr. & Mrs. John Eccles, Mr. & Mrs. Simon Eccles, and Mr. & Mrs. George Doughty, whose daughter Caroline went down with asthma on the morning of the wedding. This meant that the other two small bridesmaids, Alice Eccles and Rose Cecil, had three young men.

Lord Montgomerie, the best man, said a few words but there were no set speeches. Nor were they missed. As Lady Eccles said: "We decided to make it a party and it's come off very well without speeches." The honeymoon, from which Capt. & Mrs. Carnegie return this week, is being spent in Italy. Her going-away outfit was a wild silk suit in a pretty shade of orchid pink, and with it she wore the pearls which were a wedding present from her parents and the diamond star given her by the bridegroom's parents, the Hon. James & Mrs. Carnegie.

### THE PRICE OF EDUCATION

Education is one of the great conversational topics of the day. It wasn't

CONTINUED ON PAGE 726



Captain Robin Carnegie and his bride Miss Polly Eccles after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, which was attended by the Queen Mother & Princess Margaret. Left: The Hon. J. D. & Mrs. Carnegie, parents of the groom. Right: Lord Montgomerie (best man), Sir David & the Hon. Lady Eccles, bride's parents, & Viscountess Dawson of Penn. On floor: The Master of Ogilvy, Alice Eccles, Guy Rowan Hamilton, the Hon. Rose Cecil and the Master of Stormont





*Miss Jane Kidd, on Manka, competed in the Guinness Time International Championship*

## The biggest Bath & West

The Bath & West Show was held at Taunton in brilliant sunshine. More than 18,000 turned up to watch the horse events and cattle showing—an increase of 7,000 on previous figures





PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

Below: Miss Rose Lycett-Green won first prize and championship with her Exmoor pony Christabel



Mrs. L. J. Showers with Air Commodore W. D. Disbrey

Below: Lady Anne Lytton and Mrs. Walter Luttrell



Below: President of the Show, the Bishop of Bath & Wells, the Rt. Rev. E. B. Henderson. Below left: Mrs. W. D. Disbrey and Mrs. E. B. Henderson, wife of the Bishop. Below right: Mrs. Nicholas Delamain and Commander C. E. J. Streatfeild





The Kandahar Ski Club met to talk about prospects for winter sports this summer over cocktails at the Ski Club of Great Britain

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOM HUSTLER



Miss Madeleine Mackenzie, Mr. Nick Allen and Miss Pauline Metcalf

# Pre-ski party



Miss Tania Heald, 1961 British Ladies Ski Champion, and (centre) Mr. Ian McCormick, Miss Diana Tomkinson, Miss Penelope Smith

## MURIEL BOWEN CONTINUED

always so. A few years ago, when I was a candidate in a General Election down in the East End of London, I asked a well-known public figure for advice on how to quieten a gathering that might disagree too loudly with what I had to say. "Education," he said crisply. "Get on to education, and after ten minutes they will be so sleepy that you'll get away with any denunciation of nationalization!"

Education having shot into the forefront of people's minds, the party with an educational angle is a winner all the way. And so it was when Mrs. Dingle Foot, wife of the Labour M.P. for Ipswich, gave a reception at her Tufton Court home to meet the Chancellor-Designate of the new University of East Anglia, Viscount Mackintosh of Halifax and Viscountess Mackintosh, and the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Frank Thistlethwaite, and his American wife.

"I find that when I ask 100 people usually about 15 cannot come, but virtually everybody I've asked has

accepted for this party," Mrs. Foot told me. The reception rooms were packed. At one point it looked as if the Archbishop of Canterbury Dr. Michael Ramsey, Lady Pamela Berry and others might have to finish their drinks on the fire escape. The Foots use their fire escape as overspill accommodation.

Lord Mackintosh is bound to make as big a success of the new university as he has already made of National Savings. "Jolly hard work," he says. "But we have already got over half of the £1½ million we need for halls of residence. Getting in the last bit is going to be the worst, though industry especially is waking up to the fact that we're about the worst of the civilized countries when it comes to providing university places. We are only providing them for 4 per cent of people of university age compared to 30 per cent in the U.S. and 24 per cent in Russia." The university, which as a start is being housed in a Queen Anne mansion, will open its doors to 200 students in September, 1963. By 1970 there will be 3,000 students and the cost to the Government will be over £10 million.

Others at Mrs. Foot's party included Prof. & Mrs. A. L. Goodhart, the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire who is Chancellor of Exeter University, the Hon. Mrs. Adeane; also Mr. Sebag Shaw, Q.C., Recorder of Ipswich, & Mrs. Shaw, Col. & Mrs. Geoffrey Mason, the Countess of Longford, and Mr. W. T. Munnington, R.A., whose ceiling painting is a much talked about feature of the Harris Memorial Chapel at Exeter University. Also there were: Mr. J. E. B. Hill, M.P., the Bishop of St. Edmundsbury & Ipswich Dr. Harold Morris, Sir Miles & Lady Clifford, Mr. & Mrs. Meredith Munnington, and Mr. & Mrs. Denys Lasdun. Mr. Lasdun is the architect of the new university and he tells me it will be "utterly different" to the popular concept of a university.

## NO MORE WHIRLY-BIRDS

Mr. Charles Hughesdon and his wife Florence Desmond are to give no more helicopter parties at Dunsborough Park, their place in Surrey. This sad news was given me at their Derby party at the Dorchester. "The trouble now is that so many people have hovercraft and they would do terrible damage to my grass," Mr. Hughesdon told me. A pity, the Hughesdon party was always one of the most amusing of the year.

Their Dorchester party was in the Messel penthouse, and it was full of horse experts like Lady Sassoon (she's taken a flat in Lowndes Square and will be here for a couple of months), the Earl of Rosebery, Mrs. Arpad Plesch, and Mrs. B. R. Mullion.

I talked to Mr. Anthony Grober just back from the British Trade Fair in Sweden. "A great show, I think we do



these things jolly well," he said. Mr. Charles Clore went straight through the reception rooms to the terrace to take a new look at the new hotel which he is building in Park Lane in conjunction with Mr. Conrad Hilton.

Mr. Geoffrey Kitchen was asked about his experience as host at a party for Miss Mary Rose Ford and Miss Diana Macleod. "It wasn't bad really," commented Mr. Kitchen cheerfully. "The worst that happened was that I didn't get to bed until 7.45 a.m. and there were a couple of broken glasses in the swimming pool." He's not a racing man. He likes horses, but says he would never have time to go and see them. Others at the party were: Mr. Pat Milligan, chairman of Lloyd's, & Mrs. Milligan, Mr. & Mrs. David Metcalfe, Miss Alicia Markova, and Viscount Bridgeman.

#### SNOW IN THE SUN

Winter sports in the summer is the latest interest of those kingpins of the ski-ing world, the 1,200 members of the Kandahar Ski Club. "People are going mad about ski-ing in summer," Miss Philippa Hussey told me. "This year for the first time the Kandahar is having a training scheme for young racers at Cervinia." This resort has been enjoying great popularity as a summer ski resort for the past few years. Otherwise what do skiers do in summer? Miss Judith O'Halloran trains her one-day event horses and helps sail her mother's Dragon ("riding helps keep one fit for ski-ing"); Dr. Tom Greenwood goes to parties; Miss Isobel Roe bashes her way to boquet championships; Mr. Jimmy Siddell is putting in "some hard work on a light-hearted book"; Miss Diana Tomkinson is secretary to a man who organizes exhibitions, and her grandmother Lady Blane is taking time off to get better, having broken a leg when she hit an icy patch in January. Party guests received a cheery welcome on arrival from Mr. & Mrs. W. R. Tomkinson. She is Kandahar chairman.

#### LOOKING AHEAD

It used to be possible to look at the social diary and plan a quiet little time two or three months ahead. But not any more. Mr. Paul A. Negretti, the new Mayor of Westminster, & Mrs. Negretti, have just sent me notification that their official reception will be on 23 February next year at the Savoy. An enquiry at Westminster City Hall brought this explanation: "Trouble is that there are so many other Mayors and they all give parties. Then there are people like the Dean of Westminster and the Cardinal Archbishop who are very hard to get hold of." And, I might add, there are more and more people like the Negrettis to whom it is getting virtually impossible to say "No" with a clear conscience!



*Sir Isaac Wolfson and the Earl of Rosebery*

With no foreknowledge that the coming day would see the most sensational Derby ever, friends of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Hughesdon met for cocktails at the Dorchester

PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE

## Pre-Derby party



Above, Mr. & Mrs. Jack Hawkins and the hostess, Mrs. Charles Hughesdon. Below, Mrs. Harry Massey and Lady Wolfson



*Mr. Michael Hughesdon and Miss Jane Dawson*



*Lady Sassoon*



# LIVELY LIBERALS



*Lord Rea, leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Lords, with Mrs. W. H. Salomon. Above left: Mr. Frank Byers, chairman of the Liberal Party, with Mrs. Eric Lubbock, wife of the M.P. for Orpington*

The rising tide of recent election successes gave the Liberal Party special cause to enjoy their Social Council's dance at the Hurlingham Club

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



*Mr. Peter Le Marchant and Miss Antonia Clapham*



*Jane Lady Cook and Mr. Ralph Charlsh*



*Mr. Geoffrey Layton and Miss Penny Fuller*



*Miss Judith Shelford, Mr. & Mrs. G. H. McM. Shelford. He is prospective Liberal candidate for the Kemp Town Division of Brighton*



# MAN AGAINST THE SEA

Lone yachtsman, 61-year-old Mr. Francis Chichester, stows sails on the deck of his yawl Gypsy Moth III, before sailing from Plymouth to attempt a record transatlantic crossing of 30 days. Deck stowage for the 16,000 sq. ft. of sail—the lashings run through ringbolts—will save valuable time. On the Atlantic race of 1960 which Mr. Chichester won in 40½ days he kept them below decks. Latest news reports the lone sailor well out in the Western Ocean with a homing pigeon—it flew aboard—to keep him company





# THE PARTY PLANNERS

Report by Angela Ince, photograph by David Sim

## THE SETTING

Mrs. Peter Bedford cooks with Italian delight and skill. Married to an English architect in private practice, she has a daughter, Alessandra, aged six, and lives in an enviable house in St. John's Wood. Their dining-room walls are painted Celadon green, with cool white moulding; the white chintz curtains are wide-spread patterned in green, red and grey. The room has that convenient get-in, a hatch through to the kitchen, and under it is a serving table equipped with a plate-warmer. On the walls are some of the framed antique maps that her husband collects.

## THE ATMOSPHERE

The Bedfords like to have small dinner parties of six to eight people. Though they don't expect the men to change into dinner jackets, formality enters at the end of the meal - the women leave the men. "I don't particularly like this custom, but it seems to be popular here. In Italy, of course, the men vastly prefer to talk to women rather than other men. In any case, we don't drink port, so there wouldn't be much point. The other great difference is that in Italy the men dress up less, and the women much more. An Italian husband expects his wife to appear in full cocktail fig, even if they're dining quietly with friends."

## SERVICE

"I do all the cooking myself and serve as well - my husband helps me. I didn't learn to cook in Italy, just picked it up here. I think that nine times out of ten a trained cook is not as good as someone who does it for the love of it."

## CELLAR

"My husband deals with all the wine side of entertaining. We have a cellar in the house, but we're only just beginning to stock it. I very much like Anjou Rosé de Cabernet. Before dinner I serve sherry or Campari, rather than cocktails - and certainly not those cocktail oddments to eat that take away the appetite before you get near the table."

## GUESTS' GUIDE

(What is expected from them in the way of conversation): "I do expect them to be relaxed, to be ready to talk. And I do like people to have second helpings, and if they like the food, to say so."

## VITAL KITCHEN GADGET

"The mezzaluna, certainly. It chops everything - meat, vegetables. I bought mine from Italy; can you buy them over here?" (Note: yes you can: these semi-circular choppers with two wooden handles can be found at Cadec's, in Greek Street, for 19s.).

## SPECIALITY OF THE HOUSE

"Put a fillet of veal weighing 2 lb. in cold water with salt, 1 carrot, 1 onion,  $\frac{1}{2}$  stick of celery. Bring to the boil and simmer until tender (about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 hours). Let it get cold, then cut into thin, regular slices. Chop finely 3 oz. tinned tunny fish; 3 anchovies;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. capers; pound the mixture (or put through a blender) until it's a paste. Make a mayonnaise with 2 yolks of eggs, a glass of oil, salt, pepper and the juice of 2 small lemons. Add the paste to the mayonnaise and cover the veal with this thick sauce. Garnish with twisted lemon peel, capers and small gherkins that have been sliced lengthways almost to the end, then spread out like a fan. I wouldn't serve vegetables or a salad with this dish—in Italy we only serve salad with roast or plain meat—never when the meat has a sauce on it."

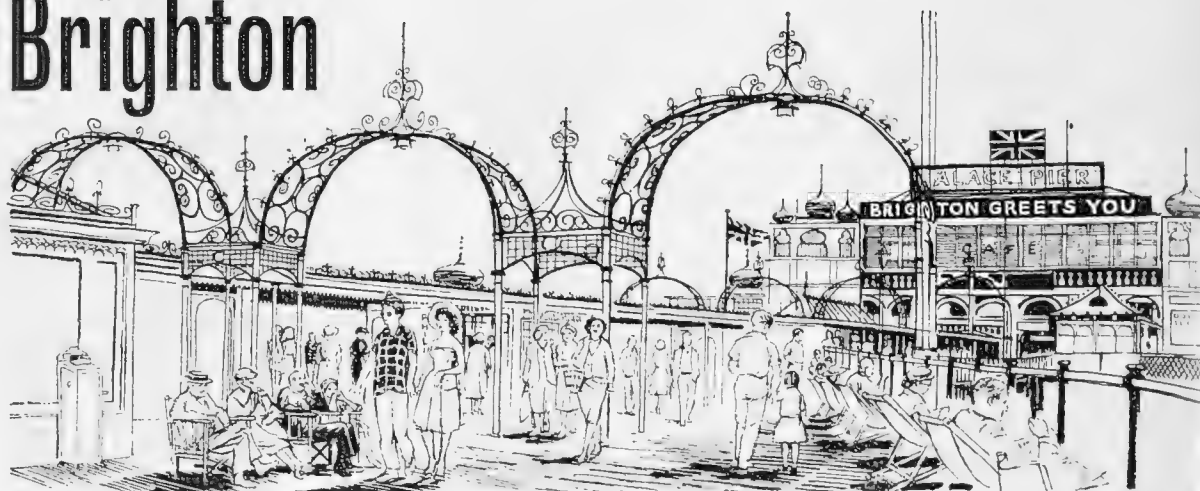






# Return to Brighton

Lord Kilbracken



DAVID KENNING

I AM USED TO THE DISILLUSIONMENT, WHEN I return to scenes of childhood, of finding either that my supposedly sure recollections are hopelessly mistaken, or that the whole scene has been changed, or very often both: the great oak has been felled (leaving only a stump-epitaph), the favourite cave is smaller and at a different point on the shore. When I took Patricia to Brighton the other day for the opening at the Metropole Hotel of Britain's first casino I was delighted, therefore, to find that it was exactly as I recalled it. And it was, for me, pregnant with schoolboy memories; my mother for several summers had a cottage in Rottingdean and on countless long afternoons we would take the bus in to Brighton, or make our way, shrimping as we went, along the seashore to Black Rock, and back by Volk's Railway. Brighton offered all the delights in the world, so long as we had our bus fares and a shilling each to spend as well.

The gala opening of the casino, my invitation informed me, would begin at half-past six with champagne and a buffet; I inferred that certain games of chance would subsequently be played. If I were returning to Brighton after so long an interval, however, I intended to see more of it than the inside of the Metropole. So Pat and I, after scampi & Chablis at Overton's, caught the 2 o'clock train from Victoria, which would leave us time for exploring. (The fast trains, I found, leave every hour on the hour, and *take* an hour, just as they always used to do.) And beneath an oyster sky, our black ties—or equivalent—in a shared suitcase, we set off on the well-remembered route: Clapham Junction, East Croydon, Hayward's Heath.

"It makes me think of Nice," I said; but this was as we approached the town, not when we were in it. As it is easy to do with Nice, which is the fourth city of France, I'd forgotten Brighton was so big: for miles, it seemed, its semi-detached houses and its detached semi-houses stretched back in serried ranks across the one-time Downs from the sea. The sea-fret, for there was a sea-fret, made their black tiles shine. And when soon afterwards, having cloakroomed our suitcase at the hotel, we issued forth

to the prom, it was *still* something like Nice—or rather like a Giles caricature of Nice, absolutely anglicized and 20 degrees colder. The beach, certainly, is every bit as stony. And the sweep of the sea front is almost on the lines of the Promenade des Anglais (but in this case it is in fact a *promenade des anglais*). The sea was less blue, however.

A single brave soul was daring to immerse himself as we walked towards the waves. The stones were still arranged in the order in which I'd left them. Not a brick, I believed, had been changed along the front; the piers had got no smaller. There were the same clairvoyantes, the same purveyors of jellied eels and whelks, the same sailing boats and sandcastles—for the same little strip of sand puts in a coy brief appearance at low tide. The same trippers were wearing the same funny hats and the same speedboats gave joy-rides. We played the obligatory game of ducks and drakes (I won) and then picked our way through the stones, heading ineluctably towards the Palace Pier, that strong magnet of my boyhood. What triumphs it evoked! What hopes, temptations, fears!

"In My Lady's Boudoir" and "What The Butler Saw" were forbidden fruit then—and how infinitely tantalizing! (Even if I had been tall enough to share their secrets, I would have died of shame if anyone had observed me doing so, and the place was always crowded.) The Haunted House and The Guillotine were in the same kind of category: I could just never bring myself to insert my penny, though for quite a different reason. Could The Little Stockbroker possibly still be there—a slot machine on which my father had discovered a *really* infallible system? Following it, we could win a guaranteed tenpence, at least twice a day. And how about Ski-Roll?

I was *terribly* good at Ski-Roll. In fact in 1933, when I was nearly 13, I qualified for the finals of the World Ski-Roll Championship. The prize was a real motor bike, and I was "taken out" from Ashdown on a Sunday of that summer term specially to compete. I didn't win the bike, but I think I must have been by far the youngest finalist. (My greatest triumph on the pier came later, when I won the first prize in its Children's

Essay competition. I had to receive it before a vast audience on the stage of the theatre—for there's a theatre on the pier—during the pantomime interval on Boxing Day. It was a cheque for five guineas, a truly unheard-of sum, which kept me going on the slot machines for months.)

We paid our sixpences and entered the Palace of Fun. Many of the slot machines I could tell at once with joy, were those of 30 years ago: not just the same kind, but the very same machines. The Little Stockbroker—alas!—was not among them, but we dared without a tremor to watch The Guillotine and at long last I shared what I saw with the butler—and without a blush what's more. And then we found the Ski-Roll alley. It hadn't changed at all. A Ski-Roll, you have to score 180 to win a prize; I felt extremely confident, but I seemed somehow to have become more difficult and I only scored 85. Whereupon Pat, with quite amazing beginner's luck, promptly scored 90. On my second attempt I quite easily bettered this with 115, but Pat, thanks to a series of flukes, then knocked up 185 and won a perfectly enormous cut-glass vase. I took her on quickly to the Haunted House.

We still had nice time for a ride on Volk's Railway all the way to Black Rock and back before it was time to change. This was specially necessary because we were now sea-splashed and sandy to no small degree. In little more than half-an-hour a metamorphosis took place: not only did we emerge (respectively) smoothly satined and dinner-jacketed, but we also became adults again. As adults we entered the banquetting hall; as adults we partook gratefully of the casino's free champagne, and later of its cold turkey, its cold beef, its fruit salad. We moved as adults to the gaming rooms—which *really are* more like a casino's than is anything else in Britain. And here, as an adult, I lost £21, which was all I had with me, in double-quick time at *chemin-de-fer* and craps.

"That's what comes of growing up," I murmured, as we caught the next train to London. "We should have stuck to Ski-Roll at a shilling a time. And it's *much* more fun than chemmy."

On the site of a royal palace—it was founded by Peter, Count of Savoy—stands an almost royal hotel. Fittingly it maintains an almost royal ménage—one that disposes of caviar by the hundredweight, smoked salmon and foie gras by the ton, and a million and a half oysters in any given year. Here Escoffier seduced the palates of the great, a German industrialist ordered a fountain that gushed champagne, and guests dressed as tramps to dine at the whim of an American millionaire. Today the pace is more sober but the standards are just as high. John Cowan went behind the scenes at the Savoy to photograph the complicated mechanics of





## High living: top chefs for top guests

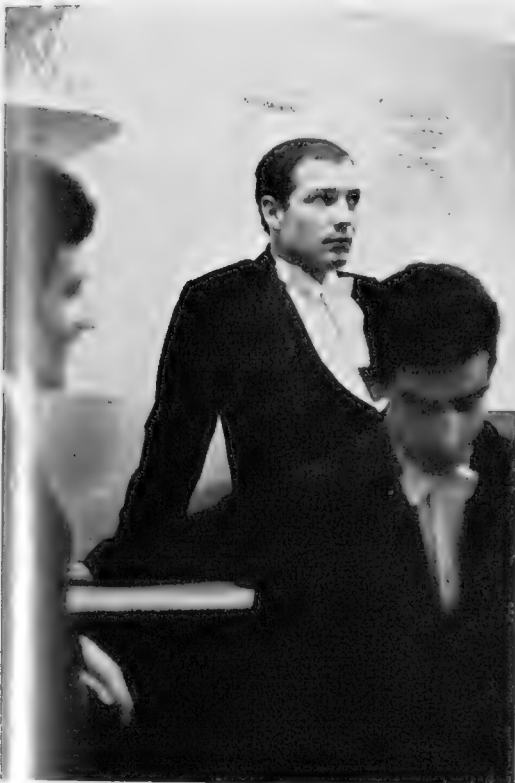


The Savoy is served by two kitchens. The side facing the Strand—called the “court side”—is controlled by Mr. Silvino Trompetto (above), chef of the Savoy Grill. The river side—they call it the “hotel side”—is served by M. Auguste Laplanche (below), chef of the restaurant. The

Grill has 110 waiters and 80 cooks; the Restaurant 120 waiters, 120 cooks. When occasion demands, the Savoy can serve 2,500 dinners. No imported meat is served, 3,000 loaves and 45,000 bread rolls are baked on the premises each week



Waiting waiters and waiters waiting during a banquet. The Savoy has 14 banqueting rooms ranging from The Sorcerer, which will dine 8, to the Lancaster, holding 550—on election night it held more than 2,000. The Banqueting Service—thought to be the biggest set of china ever made—has a working stock of 11,200 pieces and a year's reserve of 11,500. Bottom: A sensational entrance during a banquet



The Savoy wine cellars are across the river, just beyond Waterloo Bridge—they form a reservoir serving the other two hotels (Claridge's and the Berkeley), and one restaurant (Simpson's-in-the-Strand) in the group. Heavily guarded, stock includes 3,500 dozen bottles of vintage champagne, 100,000 bottles of claret. Each hotel has its own cellar on the premises to which stock is transferred



Mr. Paolo Contarini and Mr. Beverley Griffin have been joint general managers since October, 1960. Mr. Griffin was formerly an assistant general manager, Mr. Contarini the banqueting manager. Chairman of the board of directors is Mr. Hugh Wontner. Also on the board is Miss Bridget D'Oyly Carte, granddaughter of Richard D'Oyly Carte—of Gilbert & Sullivan fame—who opened the hotel in 1889. She has a private flat in the hotel

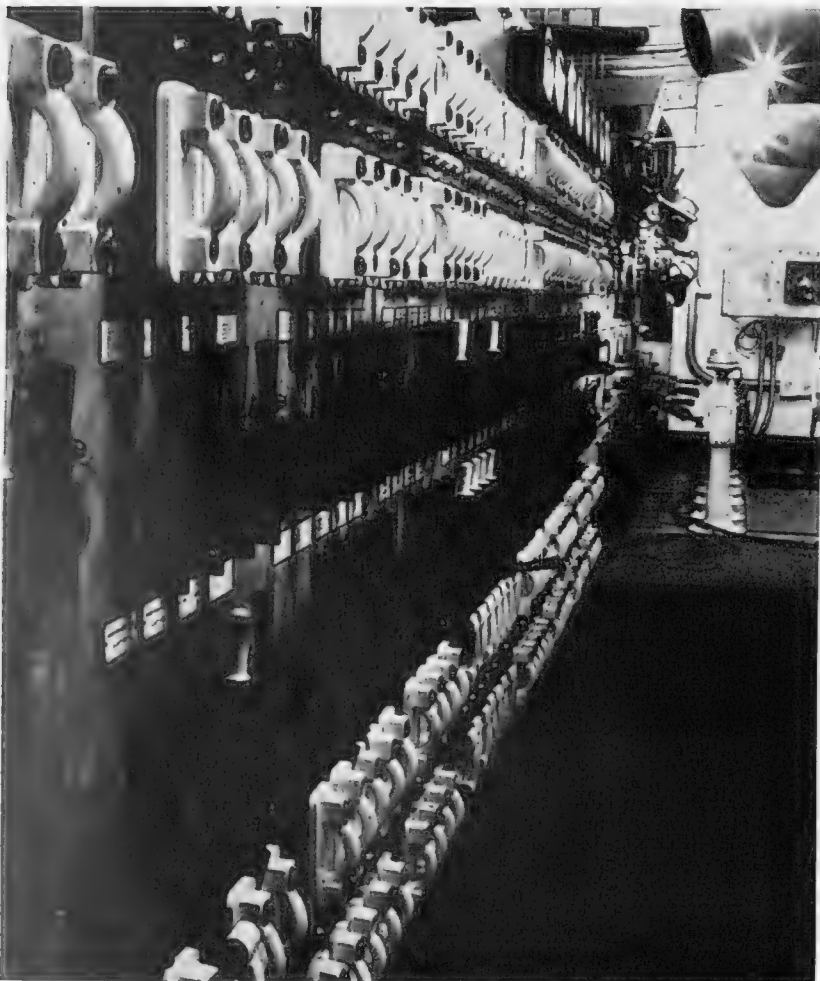






The long arm of the Savoy extends to London Airport where representatives greet guests at touch-down, see them through Customs, take charge of luggage and escort them to the hotel. There are representatives at Southampton too

Below: The linen room. All linen is best Irish and woven to specification. 5,000 sheets, and as many pillow cases and table cloths as well as 18,000 table napkins are in circulation. The Savoy laundry handles 15,000 pieces of "flatwork" each week



The Savoy draws its own power from a 2-megawatt underground installation (above) with four diesel generators, water tube boilers and steam turbines whose exhaust steam also supplies the space and water heating for the hotel. On a peak day half a million gallons of water are used; a power cut over London leaves the Savoy a glittering island in darkness—

though the telephones (below) in the power station are a touch archaic



## High living: self-sufficiency at its peak

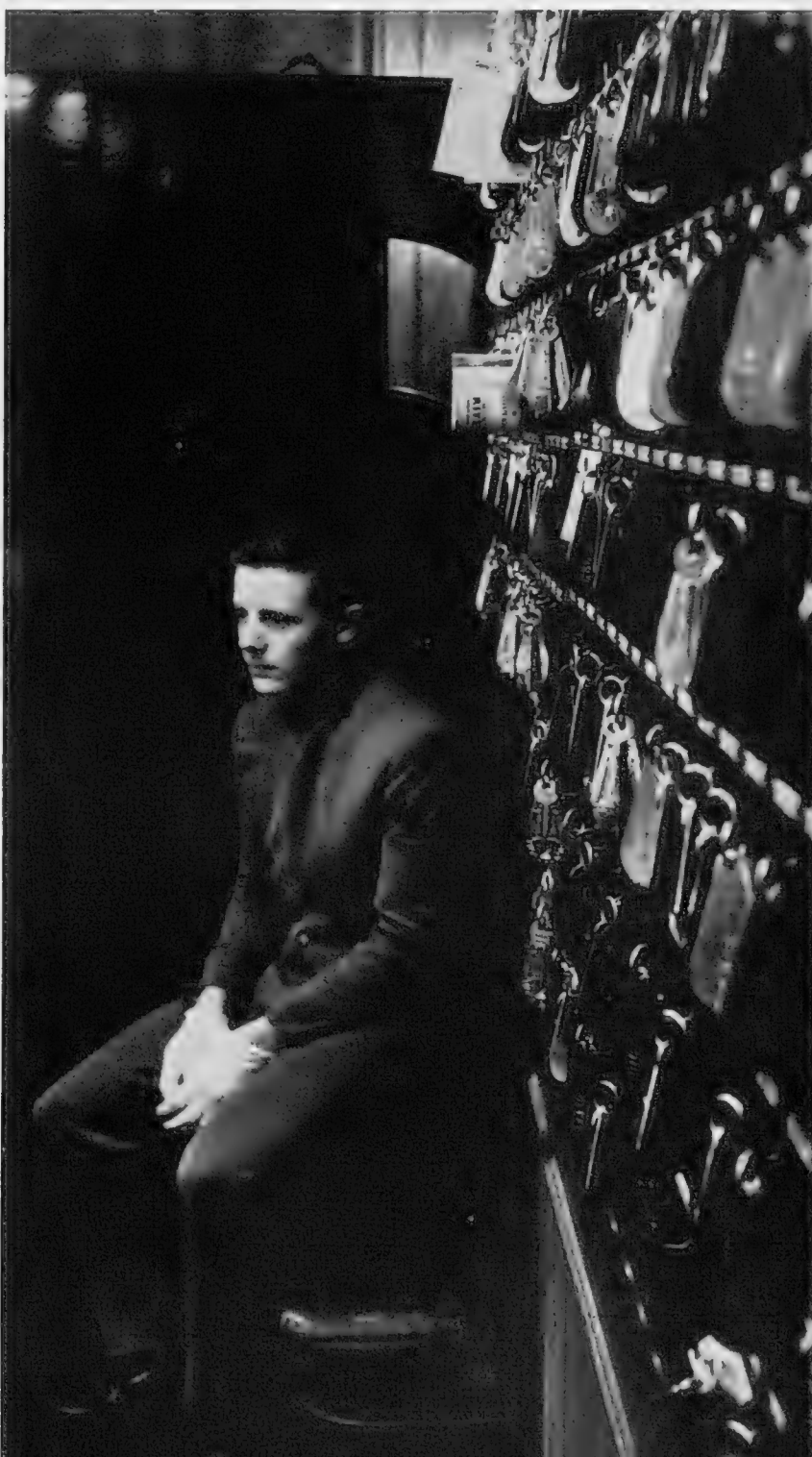


The Savoy does most things for itself. Over the river at the Beaufort Construction Ltd, all the hotel's maintenance is centred. There furniture is made, decor re-planned and executed. Above: The drawing office. Below: The fibrous plaster shop—a new plaster ceiling for one of the hotel's reception rooms has just been completed



In the hotel's foyer is a flower shop. A staff of 18 girls and a supervisor supply floral decoration for all the hotels in the group, as well as flowers for rooms, parties and banquets and any ordered by guests. They do more than arrange a few flowers attractively, have been called on to construct floral speedboats and once a kangaroo made of roses and carnations

Below: The special charm and sense of occasion that is typical of the Savoy remains in its foyer and inquiry desk which seem hardly to have changed since the day when it inspired Arnold Bennett to write his "Imperial Palace"







*The  
Blouse*

**BEAUTIFUL**



decorative extras for high summer  
photographs by Alec Murray  
tops by Elizabeth Dickson



*Cold to romance, black poplin blouse  
fringed with frills. Thocollette at  
Liberty, £3 6s. 0d. Topaz and gilt  
s brooch, Paris House*

*Stiffy as candyfloss, wittily spotted  
blouse in scarlet and white with ruffles.  
Harvey Nichols Little Shop, 5½ gns.*

*Cream caramel chiffon suit blouse with  
wide cowl neck and oversize ruffle  
cuffs. Liberty, 8 gns.*







*Texan barber shirt in scarlet and white pinstripe denim, Liberty, £2 9s. 6d. Bold black leather Sam Browne belt, Harrods, £1 12s. 6d.*

*Baby blue poplin blouse piped in grey and frilled with crisp broderie anglaise. Maryon Shops, £5 12s. 6d.*





*Cowboy's girl: sleeveless scoop tunic with handsome loop fringe. Sold with own scarf in tobacco silk, part of Yves St. Laurent anthracite grey suit, Fortnum and Mason*

*Sissy shirt in white cotton, lavished with lashings of pink lace ruffle; elasticised cuffs. Woollands £3 17s. 6d.*

*Long overblouse, demurely feminine. Turquoise chiffon crêpe with embroidered borders of flower print, glinting with gold. Tiktiner at Fortnum & Mason, sold with matching trews, or alone. Blouse 15 gns. Trews 14 gns.*









# Mother of the Bride

FIRST OF A SUMMER SERIES

sketches by Barbara Hulanicki

ELEGANCE. *Weddings, Goodwood and Henley: one way to look for the rest of the season. Printed pink silk dress and jacket, a ripple of knife pleats in the skirt; John Cavanagh Boutique, 60 gns. Pink and white rose petal cloche, Peter Shepherd at Woollands*

ELEGANCE. *Navy blue silk dress and jacket, the skirt box-pleated. By Julian Rose, £41 5s. 6d. approximately at Hunts of Bond Street; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Renée Shaw, Sutton. Face-flattering hat in fine, polished straw with white brim, scarlet band and navy crown. By Simone Mirman, at Chesham Place*

ELEGANCE. *The ubiquitous dress and coat, in delicate emerald wild silk. Low, swathed neckline and bow at the waist of the dress; dramatic full coat. Julian Rose, 63 gns. at Woollands; Jenners of Edinburgh; Elaine of Guildford. Spotted net toque by Simone Mirman, at Chesham Place*







Small London dogs tend to be coddled and fussed to make up for the lack of running space that the larger country dog gets. So there are many places in town where a dog can be shampooed and smartened and generally made much of. One of them is Town & Country Dogs of 35b Sloane Street who always have an enchanting pup in their windows—the two in the picture *alongside* are Yorkshire terriers who have an excellent lineage and so cost 25 gns. Town & Country Dogs send chihuahuas to odd places—one recently went to the King of Morocco—and the most perfect specimens never achieve anything more than 2 lb. in weight. They sell larger dogs like Labradors too, but the smaller strains sell best to the Londoner. Here too are supersonic whistles that only your dog can hear and delicious bones permeated with meat extract by Melox. Lord Roberts Workshops have nice, stout, cosy homes for dogs in cane. *Above right* is their pet hamper for the travelling dog (£7 2s. 6d.) and they also



have those enormous dog baskets that allow stretching room to the biggest of dogs. Courtleigh Kennels in Crawford S., like smartening dogs and will organise boarding out, too. The smart French black leather lead with a woven gilt trim on the collar (*top left*) comes from their accessory corner which includes sensible raincoats—rather like babies' sleeping suits—for the town dweller. The Gannex cloth coats with smart tartan linings go down well with most dogs.

*Above left* is possibly the smartest thing in the canine world—a suede coat, leather buttoned and made to measure in any fur-flattering colour for 1 guinea by Suedecraft. The kennel-shaped velvet frame that only the Italians could think up costs £1 17s. 6d. from Fortnum & Mason who are selling fast some Doggi sticks that stop the owner turning into a retriever. The grabbing end picks up the ball, and throws it far enough for a dog to take a flying leap at it. 18s. 6d. complete with bouncy ball from the gift department.

# VERDICTS

PLAYS

ALAN ROBERTS

**THE TEMPEST** OLD VIC (ALASTAIR SIM, EILEEN ATKINS, GRAHAM BELL, GEORGE SELWAY, KERRY GARDNER, ROBERT EDDISON, DAVID BIRD)

## Tempest in a teacup

IF, IN COMMON WITH ME (AND SUCH GENTLEMEN as Mr. William Hazlitt and Mr. Samuel Coleridge) you have laboured all your life under the illusion that Prospero's island is an enchanted island, a visit to the Old Vic's new production of *The Tempest* will soon disillusion you. There is about as much enchantment there as you would expect to find at a meeting of a professional conjurers' trade union.

The reason is not hard to find. In a programme note the director, Oliver Neville, tells us that "It has been suggested that Shakespeare, in the person of Prospero, was glancing half-ironically at himself . . ." and it becomes clear at a very early stage in the magical, or should-be magical, proceedings that this suggestion has gone to Mr. Neville's head. I suppose that, in fact, the casting of Alastair Sim as Prospero (personifying Shakespeare) is itself ironical enough to have given the game away in advance to a more suspicious critic than I.

But if we are surprised to see the excellent Mr. Sim in this role, he appears no less surprised to find himself in it or, at any rate, in a position to dispense magic by a wave of his crook. The result is quite extraordinary. After a few minutes in which the familiar, mobile mask of his face, the arch-clerical voice and the distinctive gestures (albeit discreetly controlled this time) make us sure that we are in for another evening of sinister Sim we suddenly see him change, with a wave of his crook, not into Prospero but into a sort of

medieval David Nixon chuckling benignly at his own party tricks.

From that moment on we are "with" the production. We may not like it or approve of it but we are "with it." Shakespeare may have been glancing half-ironically at himself but Mr. Neville stares whole-ironically at Shakespeare. This explains why Leslie Hurry's set is so hideous—it is meant to be ironical, a mockery of the enchanted isle idea. Michael Tippett's sophisticated music is a superior laugh at the expense of Caliban's naïve talk of "sweet airs that give delight." Ariel is no "airy spirit" but a virile young man named Kerry Gardner who looks as if he has just stepped out of a you-too-can-have-a-body-like-mine advertisement. Miranda (Eileen Atkins) may kid her father that she has never met any other man but him, but she doesn't try to kid us. She is a modern miss who knows that if she is not to be left on the shelf she must treat every year as a Leap Year.

The trouble with taking this sort of angle is that it is usually allowed to obtrude at the cost of some of the more fundamental qualities of the play. Making Prospero a soft-hearted old joker with a conjuring set makes nonsense of the scholars' contention that in him Shakespeare was concerned with "man's position on the chain of being between beast and angel," that Prospero was a microcosm of Man striving to transcend his own humanity but forced to admit in the end that he can never rid himself of the element of beast (the Caliban) in him.

A Prospero who never gets angry about the wrongs done to him is no microcosm of Man but a saint and, when he goes round forgiving everybody, from his usurping brother to the penitent Caliban, a smug saint at that. And saints, smug or otherwise, are inclined to be dull. This underplaying is evidently deliberate, for it is shared by all the principal characters. Caliban, as played by George Selway, looks no more frightening than an unfrocked friar with partial alopecia and, although he speaks the words of the "noble earth spirit," we never think of him as anything more than Prospero's naughty pet ape.

The comics, Stephano and Trinculo, however, fare extremely well. By their quiet playing of these parts David Bird and Robert Eddison lift these characters out of the slapstick category into which they have so often been allowed to slip and lift them into the Belch and Aguecheek class. That their scenes are the most satisfying

things of the evening is perhaps a measure of the production as a whole.

Having called the basic set "hideous" it is only fair to record that the designer makes some amends with his transformation scene for the wedding of Miranda and Ferdinand (Graham Bell giving a quietly convincing performance). Since, in his programme note, Mr. Neville records that the play may have been written for the wedding celebrations of Charles the First's sister, Elizabeth, we might have expected the over-lavish sort of thing that makes contemporary critics talk of Palladium pantomimes, but an element of welcome austerity prevails. The effects are restricted to a back-projected rainbow and drifting clouds, Juno arrives in a swan-shaped chariot (not a spaceship such as we saw a few years ago in Peter Brook's production) and the whole thing is kept down to rather cosy proportions—in keeping, no doubt, with Prospero Sim's do-it-yourself approach to his conjuring tricks.

The scene is further enhanced by the singing of Charles West who, as Juno's attendant, brings a distinguished (for this sort of thing) voice to Mr. Tippett's undistinguished music for Juno's and Ceres' songs.



Ruth Meyers as the heroine in *Judith*, the new Giraudoux play that opens at Her Majesty's Theatre tonight

FILMS

ELSPETH GRANT

**BARABBAS** DIRECTOR RICHARD FLEISCHER (ANTHONY QUINN, SILVANA MANGANO, ARTHUR KENNEDY, HARRY ANDREWS, VITTORIO GASSMAN, JACK PALANCE) **FOLLOW THAT DREAM** DIRECTOR GORDON DOUGLAS (ELVIS PRESLEY, ARTHUR O'CONNELL, ANNE HELM, JOANNA MOORE) **THE INSPECTOR** DIRECTOR PHILIP DUNNE (STEPHEN BOYD, LEO MCKERN, DOLORES HART, HUGH GRIFFITH, DONALD PLEASANCE)

## Magnificent, I hated it

THE CREDIT TITLES TO *Barabbas* WERE entirely lost on me. I did not read a single one. I could not take my eyes from the piti-

less scene that constitutes their background. It is—and I know you will scarcely believe me—the scourging of Christ. As the names of those connected with the production, from the merest make-up man to the mighty producer, come up on the screen, the vicious Roman whips fall again and again and again upon the bleeding back of Our Lord.

Has it come to this? Does His suffering mean so little now to those He died to save, that we can be expected to ignore a part of it while a list of people involved in a commercial enterprise is flashed before us? I am revolted, appalled, sick at heart.

"BARABBAS," scream the advertisements proudly, "begins where the other big ones leave off!" It begins, in fact, with the release of Barabbas to the crowd and proceeds immediately to the dark hour of the

Crucifixion. This scene, says the producer, Signor Dino De Laurentiis, quite awe-struck at his own ingenuity and enterprise, was shot during an actual eclipse of the sun: it was, one gathers, a pretty difficult operation and costly, too—but nothing's too good for the filmgoer who's willing to pay from 7s. 6d. to 20s. for a cinema seat.

In writing the novel upon which the film is based, Herr Pär Lagerkvist, the Swedish author, speculated upon what might have happened to Barabbas after Pilate freed him. He saw the robber and murderer as a creature tormented by the memory of the Man who died in his stead—and the story (I am told, for I have not read it) revealed Barabbas wrestling with a new-found conscience in his search for faith and hope. The film seems to me less concerned with



this fierce inner conflict than with providing a series of vast and gory spectacles—the stoning of Rachel (Signorina Silvana Mangano), the inhuman treatment of slaves in the sulphur mines in Sicily, the training of gladiators, the panting Roman mob thronging the great arena where they do battle. There is an awful lot of blood about. You may say, echoing Miss Dorothy Lamour, “What’s wrong with blood? Look what it did for *Spartacus*.” I can only say I deplore the appeal the film deliberately sets out to make to our worst possible instincts and the way it confidently assumes that we are as happy as the Romans were to watch men killing one another.

Mr. Anthony Quinn gives a very fine, rugged and earthy performance in the title role—but because of all the distracting (and often improbable) action in which he must engage, he never really has the chance to show us (as he once so poignantly did in *La Strada*) the bewilderment and agony of a brute who finds himself afflicted with a soul. There are many other excellent performances—though notably not the one from Signorina Valentina Cortese, as a giggling Roman matron. Mr. Richard Fleischer, directing, has handled the crowd scenes and the spectacle superbly—technically, the film is magnificent. I *hated* it.

Mr. Elvis Presley, once my pet aversion, is positively endearing in **FOLLOW THAT DREAM**—a sunny and uplifting comedy,

rather reminiscent of Mr. Frank Capra’s work in the good old 1930s. He plays a simple, good-natured slob with conviction and charm—and blow me down if I don’t suspect he has a sense of humour. He and his Paw, Mr. Arthur O’Connell, an adventurous and independent old cuss, are looking for a new home for themselves and the four orphans (three small children and a 19-year-old girl, Miss Anne Helm) whom they have taken under their wing. To the fury of the authorities, they take possession of a glorious strip of Florida beach near a main highway, build themselves a shack and claim homesteaders’ rights. Protected only by their own innocence (which is of the same brand as that of darling myopic Mr. Magoo in the cartoon films) they surmount every obstacle, overcome every interference, and in the face of all opposition establish a flourishing business and a cosy little community of their very own.

The film contains any number of wonderfully funny scenes—Mr. Presley extracting a loan from a terrified bank manager, Mr. Presley coping with two crooks who open a gambling joint on the beach, Mr. Presley, politely poker-faced throughout, disarming the gunmen who have been hired to kill him, Mr. Presley undergoing a word association test and, best of all, Mr. Presley explaining to Miss Helm how a designing female psychiatrist stroked his forehead. “Like this?” says Miss Helm with her hand

on his brow. “No,” says Mr. Presley, “not so much like she wuz ironing a shirt—real soft.”

I tell you—I’m beginning to feel quite fond of the guy.

Mr. Stephen Boyd, whom I have not yet learned to like, has the title role in **THE INSPECTOR**—a well-made but over-long film with some excellent and some pretty tedious passages. Mr. Boyd, a Dutch police inspector, travels to London to rescue a young Dutch Jewess (Miss Dolores Hart) from the clutches of an odious white slaver (Mr. Marius Goring). When Mr. Goring is found dead, Mr. Boyd assumes that Miss Hart killed him. Mr. Boyd takes her back to Holland with him; realizing that she will not be safe from arrest there, he vows he will devote the rest of his life, if necessary, to getting her into Palestine despite the existing immigration restrictions.

Since her terrible experiences in Auschwitz (where she underwent some monstrous operation the nature of which I could not make out) Miss Hart has always dreamt of Palestine as the Promised Land. Mr. Boyd makes the dream come true, thus salving a troubled conscience acquired by letting his late fiancée fall into the Nazis’ hands. He and Miss Hart leave Holland for Paris by barge (all the barge sequences are fascinating) and next turn up in Tangier, where helpful crooks abound. The complications that here set in threw me.

## BOOKS SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

**FRANNY & ZOOEY** BY J. D. SALINGER (HEINEMANN, 16s.) **THE DERBY STAKES** BY ROGER MORTIMER (CASSELL, £5.5s.) **MY BROTHER ERNEST HEMINGWAY** BY LEICESTER HEMINGWAY (WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON, 18s.) **FROM FEAR SET FREE** BY NAYANTARA SAHGAL (GOLLANCZ, 25s.)

### The Salinger puzzle

THERE’S A SENTENCE IN SALINGER’S NEW BOOK called **Franny & Zooey**—made up of two long-short stories that originally appeared in the *New Yorker*—that describes a room once shared by two brothers: “A stranger with a flair for cocktail-party descriptive prose might have commented that the room, at a quick glance, looked as if it had once been tenanted by two struggling 12-year-old lawyers or researchists.” This odd, crooked, forestalling manner of taking the comment out of your mouth, and knocking the style before it strikes you as perhaps at all necessary, is characteristic of all that is most mannered, painfully self-conscious and altogether one-skin-too-few in Salinger’s inexplicably mysterious talent.

*Franny & Zooey* is about a very rum family called Glass, the talented children of a pair of ex-vaudeville dancers, all of whom have in their time been stars of a child-quiz radio programme called “It’s A Wise Child.” The action of the book, apart from being non-existent, hinges on a breakdown suffered by Franny, the youngest Glass child, whose personal problem is religious, commented on with savage compassion by her brother Zooey who is an actor. The family is Irish-

Jewish, and off-stage lurk the spirit of Seymour, the eldest brother who committed suicide, and Buddy, who lives the life of a hermit, teaches in a girls’ college, narrates the story, and is clearly in some way a projection of Salinger himself. *Franny* is concerned with the triggering-off of Franny’s collapse, *Zooey* is almost entirely taken up with a prolonged argument between Franny, Zooey and Mrs. Glass on the nature of the family’s dilemma, the truth about God, the importance and nature of love and prayer, and culminates in a fake telephone call made by Zooey impersonating the absent and silent Buddy. And if this sounds confused, that, in my mind, is just the way it is.

The virtue of the book lies to me in the painful and very evident fact of Salinger’s agonising honesty, and in the experience, if you can stand it, of a writer in some distress exhibiting his preoccupations and spiritual involvements to the public view. The prose is still funny, sharp, wildly idiosyncratic, and could have been written by no one else. In fact I found the total effect of the book frighteningly depressing, as much as being shut away with someone in the thick of a nervous collapse, which is indeed what the whole thing is about. Characters speak fluently, indeed non-stop, but obliquely, twistedly, under great pressure and often apparently at random. There is a good deal of obsessive description of what one might assume to be almost irrelevant detail, the pace is very slow and feverish, and indeed the whole experience is like a prolonged bout of malaria or a hallucination under some drug. The Salinger preoccupations with the innocence of youth, with close family relationships, with truth and with the personality of a younger sister (she cropped up memorably in both *The Catcher* and *For Esmé with Love & Squalor*) are here in full force. I do not

pretend to know what it is about, I am not even sure that it is a wholly good idea to have published it. Salinger is a man with the terrible albatross of a seminal international book-of-a-generation hung round his neck, and probably the best one can do is to leave him be with his present puzzles and hope it all works out for the best.

All the same, there is always in Salinger some treasure that you can find nowhere else—such as the memorable exchange between Mrs. Glass and her gorgeously handsome, deeply disturbed son Zooey, on the subject of why he does not get married. “I like to ride in trains too much,” says Zooey firmly. “You never get to sit next to the window any more when you’re married.” There is the voice of the old master himself, no mistake.

*Briefly. . . The Derby Stakes* by Roger Mortimer is a vast history of the race since 1780, comprehensive, nothing if not impressive, illustrated and unmistakably pricey. . . *My Brother, Ernest Hemingway* by Leicester Hemingway is a somehow deeply dispiriting, grey, clod-hopping book about someone who, whatever you think of him, was surely complex and merited an intelligent assessment. The style is extraordinary and occasionally weirdly memorable, as when Ernest and Picasso are reunited in Paris at the liberation and Picasso “showed us the bicycle handle bars he had used as a surrealist representation of the horns of a large animal, and pointed out how you could use other items from daily life within a design to make a grand composition”. . . And *From Fear Set Free* by Nayantara Sahgal is an endearing, gossipy, gentle and irresistible second book by Mrs. Pandit’s daughter—about her life in India and abroad, about her exuberant mother and uncle, as interesting and welcome as a long chatty letter from a distant but eager friend.

3 from

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## RECORDS GERALD LASCELLES

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**THE FABULOUS FATS NAVARRO** (VOL II) **AMANDA**  
**AMBROSE SWINGS AT THE BLACK ORCHID,**  
**SHOWCASE** BY JULIETTE GRECO **SAIL AWAY**  
 BY NOËL COWARD

### Terry the timeless

IT ALWAYS PLEASES ME TO HEAR A MUSICIAN whose work embraces the full range of categories which are so loosely applied to the different styles in jazz. A few months ago I heard trumpeter Clark Terry playing in one of New York's best jazz spots, the Half Note. He and Bob Brookmeyer were playing what amounted to a sort of modern trad, if such a contradiction in terms can be permitted! Then I cast my mind back to the middle of the road style he used when he played in Ellington's band. Now comes his album for Candid, intriguingly called *Colour Changes* (CJM8009), which establishes the timeless nature of his approach, and proves that he has a great deal to say, and can express himself with vigour and originality. One of Clark's assets is that, like Miles Davis, he is an accomplished performer on the flugelhorn, an instrument which can provide a greater depth of colour than the trumpet in certain circumstances.

Another trumpeter, all too rarely heard on record, is Benny Bailey, whose *Big Brass* (CJM8011) opens the door to a style of equally unlimited scope. He displays tremendous authority in this album, which also underlines his close association with

arranger Quincy Jones. The pianist on both these sessions is Tommy Flanagan, from Detroit, who leads a strangely disconnected session known as *The Cats* (32-156). Coltrane and Idries Sulieman have the front line to themselves, apart from Tommy's short spell and some delectable solos by guitarist Kenny Burrell. The harshness of the two horns, after hearing the albums I referred to above, is quite amazing, and seems to prove my opinion that the *avant-garde* experimenters sacrifice too many of the basic elements of jazz in their endeavour to do something "new." I regard Flanagan as one of the most economic of the younger batch of pianists, not given to flamboyance or frills, and I am encouraged by the number of sessions on which he is featured, progressing all the time. On the *Esquire* album, his solo track, *How Long*, is typical of his style.

Fats Navarro was a pure bop trumpeter of importance in the early break-away days. He died young, but not before he had left his mark on several interesting small groups. The second volume of *The Fabulous Fats Navarro* (BLP1532) shows his work with pianist Tadd Dameron's Sextet, and with Bud Powell's Quintet. Frankly I find the work of the two pianist leaders much more interesting than Fats' rather mechanical but highly rhythmic horn playing. All these pieces come from the period when the three-minute record was the order of the day, so that the greedy soloist invariably came off best. It strikes me that Navarro was one of them.

Amanda Ambrose is a typical American cabaret artist, who accompanies herself at the piano, and dabbles on the fringe of jazz. *At the Black Orchid* (ST.LP7) shows that she has links with the rather affected

diction so much exploited by Sarah Vaughan, but her sense of rhythm is pleasing. Even so, her results pale before the immense warmth with which Juliette Gréco imbues her *Showcase* (BBL7553). This does not pretend to be jazz, but her voice has all the deep inflections of the blues singer, and her choice of material is immaculate.

The atmosphere of the English drawing room is never far removed from Noël Coward's music from his Broadway hit, *Sail Away* (SW1667), which opens tomorrow. He sings the subtle lyrics impeccably. I have the impression that I have heard it all before, which means that it is delightfully Noël Coward.



Conductor James Gaddarn leaves for six months' tour of India & Ceylon today. This spring he conducted Bach's St. John Passion at St. James's Church, Piccadilly with the London Orpheus choir & orchestra

## GALLERIES ROBERT WRAIGHT

**AN AMERICAN UNIVERSITY COLLECTION**  
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 MIDHURST

### Windfall from Ohio

THE SPECIAL SUMMER EXHIBITIONS AT KENWOOD, the London County Council's own "stately home" on Hampstead Heath, have for several years now been outstanding pleasures in my continuous round of gallery-going. Even if the exhibitions themselves were not of a high standard the pleasure would be only slightly diminished, for the delights of the permanent collection of art treasures there and of the fine house in its beautiful setting are perennial. That this summer's show—of works of art from Oberlin College, Ohio—left me no time to pay my respects to the resident Rembrandt self-portrait and the Vermeer *Guitar player* may be taken as a measure of its very considerable interest.

The College's collection comprises some 10,000 objects so it is hardly surprising that there is a striking diversity among the mere 78 shown here. In one room drawings by Matisse, Picasso, Klee and Jackson Pollock hang alongside a study for a *Pieta* by Filippino Lippi, a *Mars & Cupid* by Guercino, and other Old Master drawings. One small glass case is shared by two 16th-

century Italian bronzes, a 12th-century enamel from Limoges and a *Reclining figure* by Henry Moore dated 1945. Others contain French and African ivories, German, Flemish and Netherlands silverwork and a Benin bronze.

There is a room full of Japanese woodcuts, among them excellent examples of the work of Hiroshige and Kuniyoshi, and another of prints by Dürer, his one-time teacher Martin Schongauer, Mantegna, Hercules Seghers and others. One little room, probably a lady's boudoir once, is loaded with characteristic canvases by Sisley, Braque, Kirchner and Jawlensky and a portrait drawing by Kokoschka. In the main room are even finer treasures—a fragment of Rubens' magnificently painted *The daughters of Cecrops finding the infant Erichthonius*, a superb still-life by Chardin, a brilliant early Monet landscape, a lively portrait by Hogarth and a touching one, by Michael Coxie, of Christine of Denmark of whom Holbein painted the masterpiece now in the National Gallery. The Holbein shows her at 16 in mourning for her first husband, the Duke of Milan. The Coxie shows her in her widow's weeds after the death of her second husband, the Duke of Lorraine.

I had been promising myself for months that if and when summer did arrive I would make an effort to visit the many small art galleries that have sprung up recently in country towns within a day's return journey of London. So one day recently, beguiled by a bit of blue sky, I went to Midhurst, Sussex, to find the Rumbold Gallery. The

pleasantness of my surprise at finding the gallery to be a former chapel handsomely redesigned by an imaginative architect was surpassed only by that of finding that its present exhibition (of sculpture by Sydney Harpley) is no poor country cousin of West End galleries' shows but a small, attractively arranged retrospective of the work of a young artist of rare talent and sensitivity who is already highly successful.

While still a student at the Royal College, Harpley distinguished himself with the realism of his modelling of the nude and the portrait head. The *Seated nude* in this show dates from the end of this period and is instinct with a feeling for form and mass.

Looking at his more recent work, many people are likely to regret the somewhat dramatic change of style that has taken place. At first it would appear that in searching passionately to express movement his sense of form has begun to waver, but this is a superficial judgment. On better acquaintance the "blurred" figures of footballers, Rugby players and dockers caught in balletic motion have more power and no less artistically valid a form than the sturdy thigh of the resting nude. Frequently their forms have been partly, or largely, derived from those of found flints or other stones and this gives the finished works an ambiguous quality in which there resides a feeling of continuous and mysterious change.

Also at the Rumbold Gallery are distinctive woven rugs by Mary Patten, an artist with an unerring colour sense.

## OPERA

J. ROGER BAKER

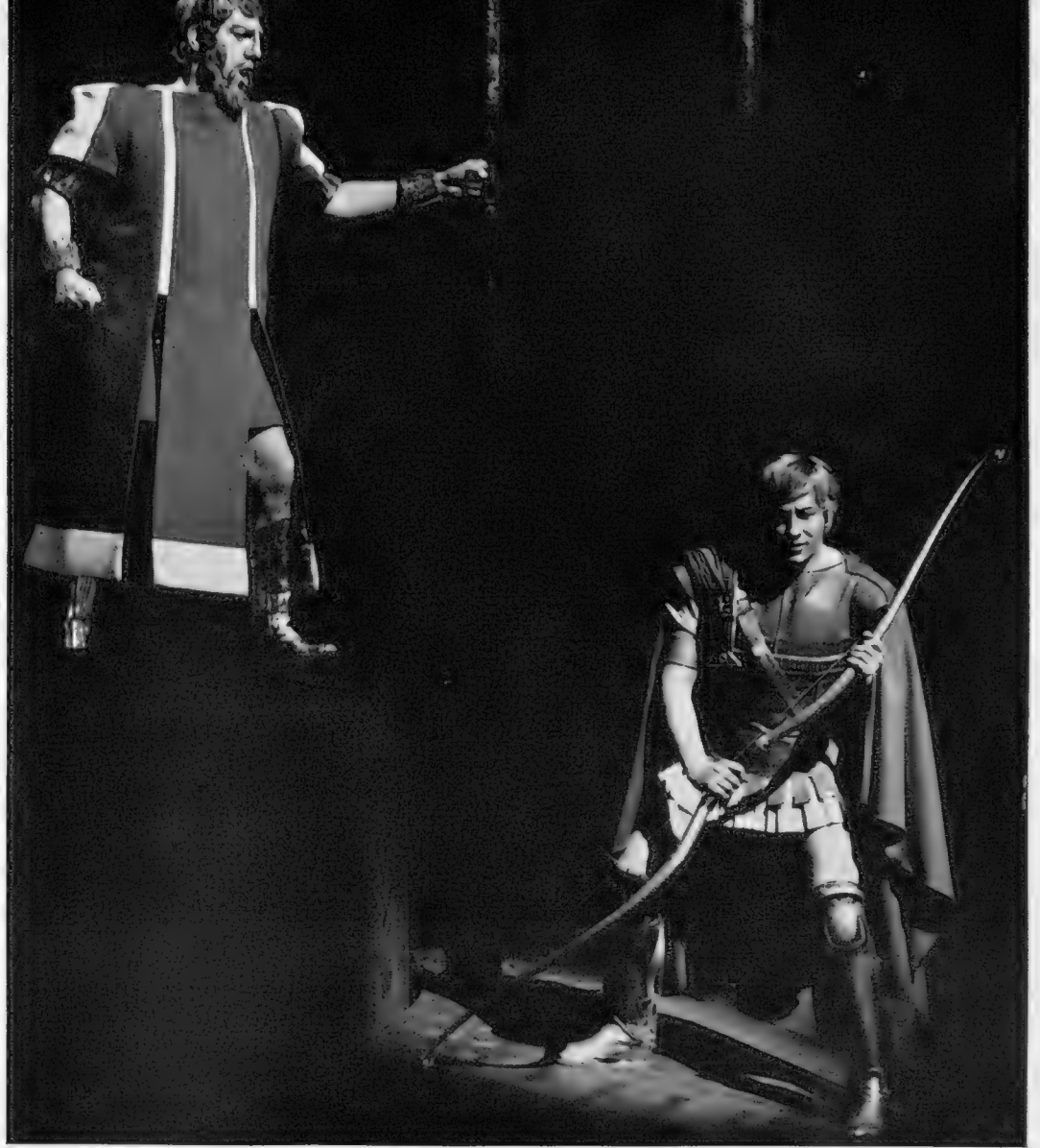
## Tippett's Troy

MICHAEL TIPPETT'S *King Priam*—HIS SECOND opera—is an exciting rather than satisfying experience. The unlooked-for combination of Sam Wanamaker as producer and Sean Kenny as designer has evolved a presentation of the struggle for Troy that is quite different from Covent Garden's usual efforts on the epic scale. No posturing extras or unnatural bits of realism mar the severe lines of the stage pictures. On a hugely raked revolving saucer the protagonists are dwarfed by a limitless sky as eventually they are dwarfed by the workings of destiny. Occasionally an unhappy science fiction touch creeps in, as when a pack of—triffids, perhaps?—march across the cyclorama, or a vast red brain pulsates in the sky. Mr. Wanamaker's production is clearly rooted in the methods of the spoken theatre and in this opera, full of pointed dialogue and query, such an approach is fitting. But Wanamaker never forgets the place of the music and allows his singers to remain still when projecting their almost athletic vocal lines.

In *King Priam* there are no tunes to come away singing in the mind—the music is illustrative rather than lyric, states rather than comments. Between each scene a sort of Greek chorus discusses the action and here the intellectual strain that characterized Tippett's first opera *The Midsummer Marriage* (he writes his own libretti) asserts itself. Those with desolate memories of the earlier opera should not snub this one; its appeal is much more immediate from the stark opening statement with off-stage chorus and fanfares. The singers are all drawn from the resident company, and the women made more impact than the men. But it is a notable indication of the standards prevailing at Covent Garden. John Pritchard conducted with a sharp feeling for the pulse of the drama, particularly in the frightening end of the second act and the opera's closing monologue for its hero. The string-less second act revealed virtuosity in the brass and woodwind sections of the orchestra and a feature of the score is a long, integral part for piano. This was played tirelessly by John Constable.

Sadler's Wells have made their second foray into the Savoy Operas and emerged with a refreshing account of *The Mikado*. Those schooled in the D'Oyly Carte tradition will probably be amazed at Clive Revell's interpretation of Ko-Ko. Instead of being just another Gilbertian comic, he plays the cheap tailor turned Lord High Executioner as a fully rounded character. He is irresistibly funny, but all his business derives solely from the situation—such as when he discreetly sews a button on to his tunic. Otherwise the production, by Douglas Craig, is simple and even predictable. But a freshness is there and it remains a revelation—as in the company's *Iolanthe*—to hear Sullivan's music played so well.

*King Priam* at Covent Garden. Top: Forbes Robinson in the title role bids Paris (John Dobson) avenge the death of his son Hector. Bottom: *King Priam* refuses to see Helen (Margreta Elkins). Paris leads her away





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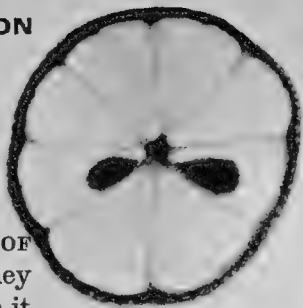
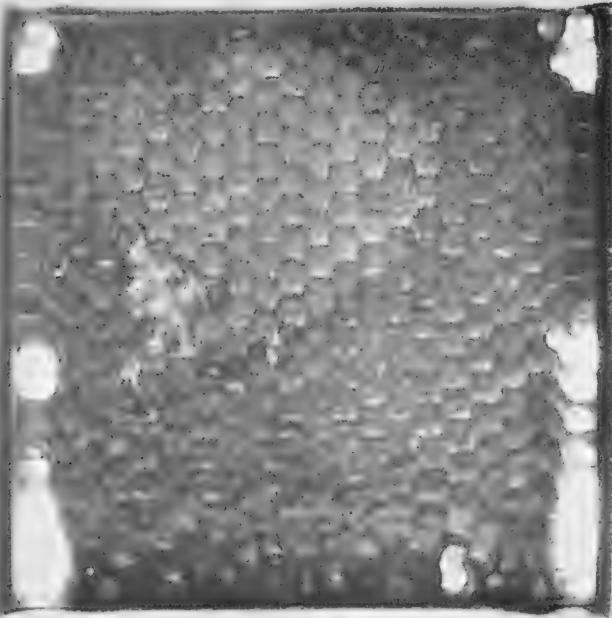
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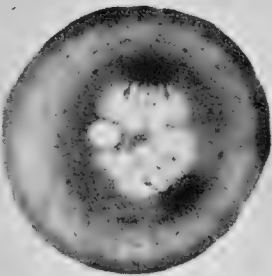
Stendahl peel oranges for their Florence moisturized foundation cream and the Recette Merveilleuse is a blend of plant extracts from the mountains of France. Orange Blossom Tonique is a pep-up tonic and Stenhalys is worth noting because it contains no alcohol and so is specially good for the sensitive plant skin.

Strawberries lie in the cool depths of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Strawberry cream and lotion. Lancaster have a Crème à l'Orange that is a very light night cream.

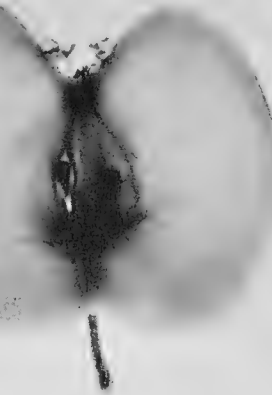
Beauty sleep: drink a dash of honey melted in lemon each night; that does wonders too.



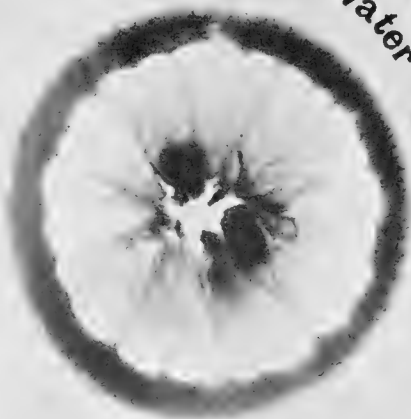
cool, clean cucumber . . .



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## DINING IN

Helen Burke

### Sweetbread special

SWEETBREADS ARE NOT EVERYBODY'S meat, which is just as well because there would not be enough to go round. But happily there does seem to be enough for those who appreciate this special delicacy. From time to time, I have given recipes for them. Recently, I rediscovered one that I think devotees will like. It is SWEETBREADS CREPINE. For this dish, a caul is required—that is, the thin transparent net-like membrane covering the paunch of a pig or sheep. It is dotted here and there with tiny specks of fat and it is very useful for wrapping minced meats of many kinds. Very few butchers have cauls on hand, but they should be able to get them.

For four servings, allow a pair of veal sweetbreads. Blanch them in the usual way, for sweetbreads, no matter how they are to be served, must first be prepared. Meanwhile, mix together 6 oz. each of very finely minced veal and pork, a tablespoon of truffle trimmings, which can be bought in tiny cans in Continental stores, and a teaspoon or so of chopped parsley. Beat in a dessert-spoon of brandy and a tablespoon of dry Madeira, then fold in a fairly stiffly whipped white of egg. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

Spread out the caul on the table so that it will be large enough to cover its ultimate contents completely. Arrange the mixture of meats in one layer on the caul. Put the cold blanched sweetbreads on top, then bring the meat mixture and caul up and over them, entirely encasing them. Turn the ends over. Place in a buttered baking-dish (joined side underneath) and bake gently for about 45 minutes at 375 degrees Fahr., or gas mark 5. Serve with Sauce Mornay—a cheese-flavoured Béchamel sauce, made with a little veal stock as well as milk, well flavoured with thyme, nutmeg and onion, and seasoned with salt and pepper.

Simmer an ounce of flour in an ounce of butter until it is a pale cream tone. Remove and add the liquid—strained veal stock and half as much again in hot milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint in all—stirring all the time. Simmer gently for 20 minutes, then add an ounce each of grated Parmesan and Gruyère. Taste for extra seasoning. Mix over a low heat

to blend well. Finally, add a walnut of butter. Pass this in a heated sauce-boat and, with the dish, serve tiny new peas and tiny new potatoes, rolled in butter and sprinkled with finely chopped parsley.

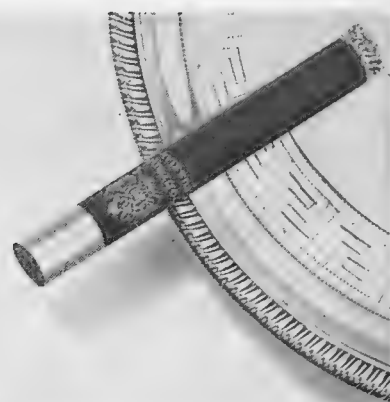
It seems extravagant to bone a SEA TROUT, then grill it but I still think that this is probably the best of all ways of treating this delicate fish.

Have the fishmonger bone the trout. Cut it into serving-sized pieces. Fit a piece of aluminium foil in the bottom of the grill pan and spread it with butter. Put the thick pieces of fish in first and spread them generously with softened butter. Sprinkle a little salt on them. Place under a not-too-hot grill, because they should cook without being browned. Grill them (one side only) for 10 to 15 minutes. Half-way through the cooking, add the tail end (thinner) pieces of the trout and treat them with butter in the same way. Thus you get both thick and thin pieces of trout evenly cooked.

With sea trout, serve barely melted butter, diced cucumber quickly cooked in salted water and really tiny potatoes, turned in butter and sprinkled with parsley as above.

By now our GARDEN PEAS, rather late this year, should be really plentiful. Home gardeners will pick them when they are just ready—that is, when they are so young and tender that they are deliciously sweet. Drop the shelled peas into unsalted boiling water and cook them for the minimum of time. Young ones do not need more than 10 minutes and might well do with even less time. Pour off most of the water then add salt to taste and, if you must, a little sugar. Leave them for a minute or two, then drain and serve them. Mint? If you like but it is by no means essential. Add the crushed mint with the salt and sugar, after most of the water has been drained off.

Spanish APRICOTS are now with us and should be available for some little time. I think that apricots are the only stone fruit which improves in flavour when cooked. Somehow, they do not change their essential taste in the way that peaches and greengages do. Indeed, uncooked apricots are not nearly so interesting unless they are fully ripe and, by that time, they have lost flavour.



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## MOTORING

Dudley Noble

*The sizzling Simca*

THE FRENCH CAR MANUFACTURERS ARE PRETTY good on public relations. When Simca decided to launch their attack on the British market they took Woburn Abbey for the day where the French-born Duchess of Bedford was their hostess. Not only did the big noises from Paris invite all their British dealers to have a day out and drive away the first of the new 1000 models for their showrooms, but they also laid on a parade of fashions and brought along some attractive models. For myself, I sneaked off and spent the time driving one of the cars up and down M.1, and I can report that this latest offering from across the Channel is a highly desirable little car. It is not too small; it holds four adults in comfort, and carries them at speeds up to 75 m.p.h.

Nicely styled, it has a modern appearance and its specification so far as the mechanics are concerned is in keeping. Two features I liked—and am sure they will be copied throughout the international motormaking world—are the 5-bearing crankshaft and the all-synchromesh 4-speed gearbox. The first of these undoubtedly helps to give the rear-mounted four-cylinder 1-litre engine a smooth and vibrationless feeling at all speeds; it holds the crankshaft completely steady at whatever rate of revolution it may happen to be running. The second relieves the driver of that worrisome business of double-declutching when a change down to bottom is necessary with the car travelling at no matter what speed (within

low gear range, of course). Only the other day a man I know who has just bought a new model with a 3-speed gearbox which is not synchronized on bottom confided that, despite his driving experience, he found it impossible to engage bottom while the car was in motion.

The Simca 1000 follows accepted Continental practice of cutting engine size down and minimizing weight to a comparable figure. The French are an economically minded nation, and they reason that there is little point in hauling an unnecessary number of pounds of dead weight around the countryside. Hence they are inclined to keep a strict eye on the *avoir-dupois* of all the component parts, and not to use more or thicker metal than they consider absolutely essential. The result is that there is an absence of frills such as walnut veneered fascia panels and door fillets. The British motorist may consider these add to the pride of ownership but if he buys a French car will have to put up with rather thin pressed steel or aluminium. Again, the Continental does not consider it a bad point if the engine makes its presence heard and felt. Accordingly no attempts are made to muffle with sound-proofing material which would add to weight and detract from performance. On such matters as these it is difficult to see how the two points of view can be reconciled.

If, therefore, one accepts the French attitude there is little to find fault with

in this Simca. Provided proper use is made of the gearbox, which means changing gear as often as is necessary to keep the engine buzzing round at its most efficient speed, a good performance is obtained. Backed by an organization in Britain which is paying great attention to servicing and spare parts supply, I see no reason why Simca should not attract customers, despite import duty. The price of the 4-door, 4-seater saloon has been fixed at £758, purchase tax included.

Camping and picnicking have gained such a hold on motorists that accessories helping to make life easier for those who prefer to eat by the roadside are worth singling out for mention. One such is the *Motor-Maid* electric kettle, which should prove a boon when it comes to making any drink requiring boiling water. This kettle has been specially designed to work from the car's electrical equipment, without drawing too heavily on the battery—in fact, its patented heating element, which never needs replacement, is so economical in current that 20 minutes' normal running will replace what it has used in boiling 1½ pints of water. The *Motor-Maid* is also spill-proof and so can be used while on the move. It costs only 39s. 11d., and is obtainable from Trufts, Dept. 24, 52 Station Road, New Southgate, London, N.11.

*"Have a Simca," said Mr. H. T. Pigozzi, President of Simca Automobiles, to the Duchess of Bedford. She and the Duke inspect the gift*





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## MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

### Laid on the line

A STENOGRAPHER, A ROAST chicken or a weather prophet may be at arm's length if you are sitting near a telephone. I've been checking up on just what services and supplies are available simply by picking up a telephone and speaking. Some of them are so useful that I live in dread of my next telephone bill. The G.P.O. itself provides a number of services. The best known is probably the golden-voiced girl who tells you the time, when you dial TIM. This deals with one preoccupation of the British; the other is dealt with by dialling WEA followed by a regional code—you get a weather forecast. The appropriate code may be 2211 if you live in London, 3311 for the Essex Coast, 4411 for Kent, and 5511 for Sussex. And, unless rain stops play, dialling UMP will provide you with the latest Test score. Test match details will probably figure, too, in the day's sporting and entertainment fixtures—information available just by dialling ASK 9211. French, German and Spanish translations of this announcement are on call, by dialling the same prefix followed by 9311, 9411, or 9511 respectively. One sick joker handed out cards at a London terminus once—"Hear the voice of Hitler," they said, "he still lives." The number given was ASK 9411. . . . Other G.P.O. services include alarm calls at any time of the day or night specified to the operator previously. Another service, especially useful to travellers and those who never have fourpence when they're needed, is the telephone credit card service. It costs 5s. a quarter and allows you to make calls from any telephone or callbox without immediate payment—the charge is added later to your telephone account. The card bears a code number to be quoted to the operator.

A wider range of weather reports than the G.P.O. can offer is provided by the meteorological office—a call to Temple Bar 4311 could result in a forecast covering any place in Europe. And the A.A. report on weather conditions affecting roads within a radius of 50 miles from London is available upon dialling ASK 6611. This service only operates between October

and April, but a road condition service is available, even to non-A.A. members, at Whitehall 1200; it covers the whole of the British Isles. Answering, Ltd., will take telephone messages for you at any time of the day or night. Their own telephone number is WELbeck 6655 and their charges range from seven to 14½ guineas a quarter. Then, if the urge to dictate a letter or a book comes to you, Telephone Typists at KENSINGTON 3368 will take dictation over the telephone for 10s. an hour. Dial C-H-I-C-K-E-N and you can have a hot roast chicken delivered to your door—you'll have dialled the Home Meal Delivery Service. Follow it up with a call to W-H-I-S-K-E-Y and you'll be connected to Hatch Mansfield & Co., the Pall Mall wine merchants. Their number is Whitehall 7539, and the number corresponds with SKY on the dial. One can make up useful mnemonics this way, unless the number includes 1.

Though it's not exclusively geared to the telephone, I have found my membership of the Finders' Service Club useful. It's associated with the Diner's Club, and the subscription is £2 2s. a year. A credit card system allows one to sign the bill in most of London's good restaurants—Finders pay and send a single bill monthly. Apart from dining well, one can shop, *inter alia*, at Peal's, Hermès, the General Trading Company and Churchill's, or have flowers or fruit sent from Fortnum & Mason. Finders also run a shopping service for their members who telephone a particular number. Details from Finders' Services Ltd., 22 South Audley Street, London, W.1. Using the telephone can be useful. But in this age of automation I suppose it is inevitable that two machines should get their lines thoroughly crossed. One automated device had a breakdown in the night and obeyed its instructions to telephone the engineer. But the engineer had moved and all that happened was one tape recorder talking to the other. "I have broken down. Please come and repair me." "The subscriber you are calling has moved to another exchange." And so it went on through the night, interminable, insistent and polite as only a machine could be under such stress.

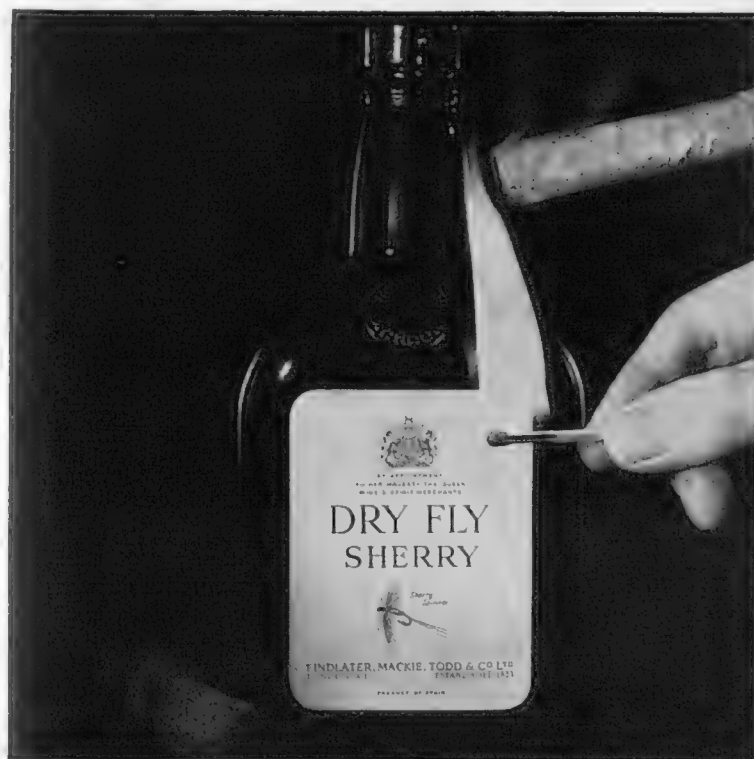
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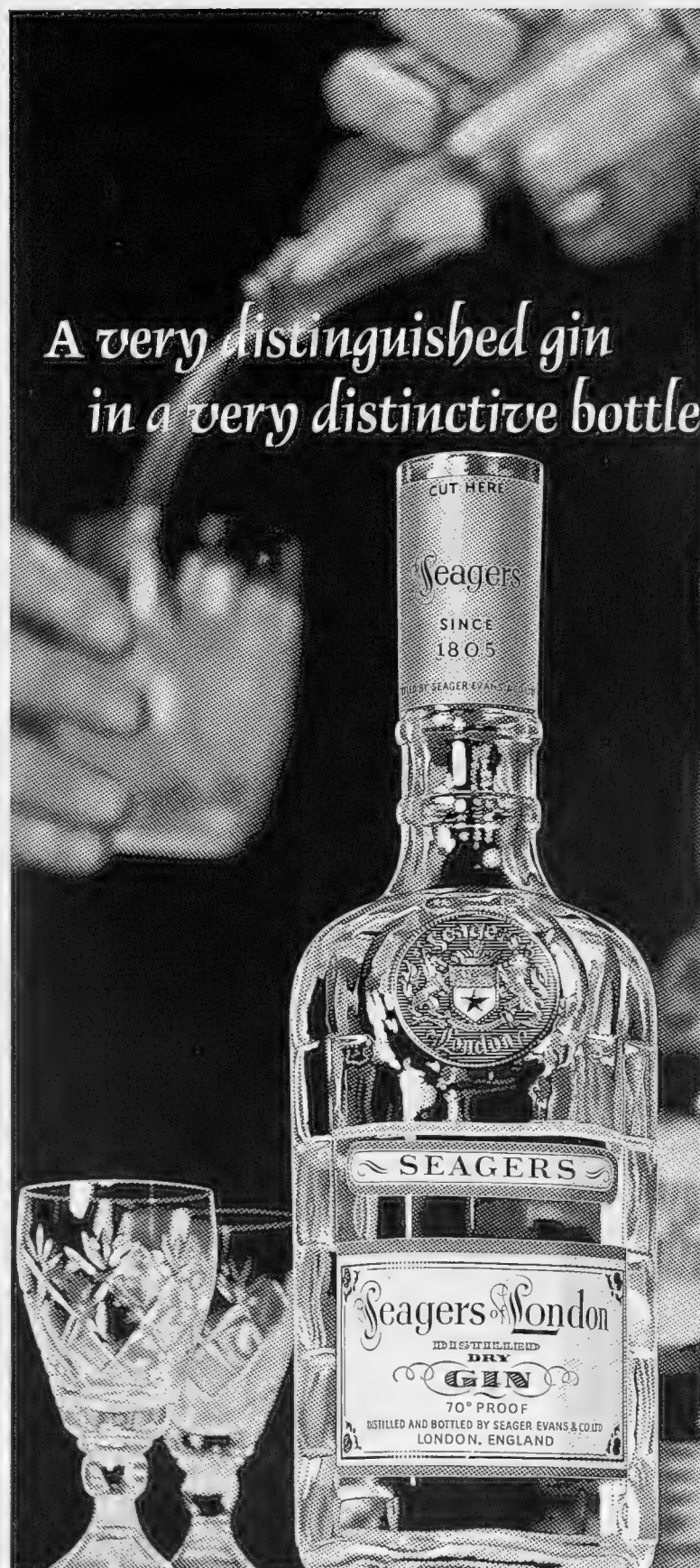


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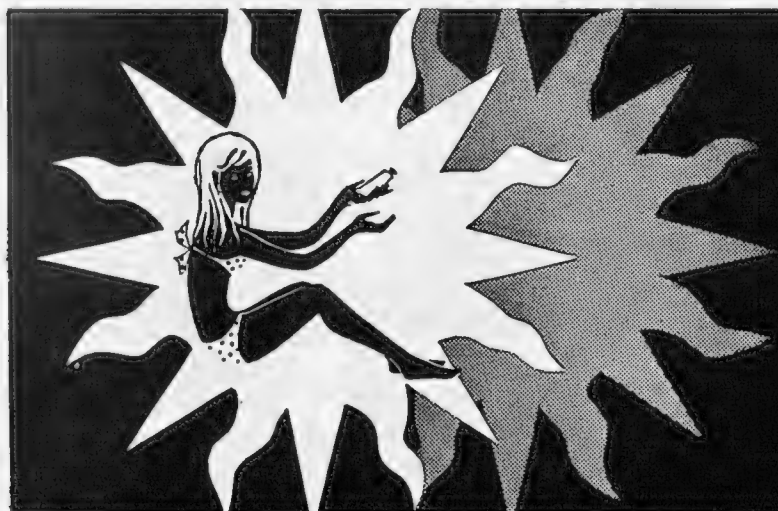
**Kempton—Beale:** Anne Patricia, daughter of the late Dr. J. J. Kempton and Mrs. Kempton, of Bramshaw, Old Bracknell, Berkshire, was married to Richard Christopher, son of Sir William & Lady Beale, of Lyndsays Farm, Ingatestone, Essex, at St. Francis Catholic Church, South Ascot



**Macpherson—Weatherall:** Jean, daughter of Mr. Niall Macpherson, M.P., & Mrs. Macpherson, of High Larch, Iver Heath, Buckinghamshire, was married to Lieut. James Weatherall, R.N., son of the late Lt.-Commander A. T. H. Weatherall, R.N.R., & of Mrs. Weatherall, of An Dunan, Newtonmore, Inverness-shire, at the Crypt Chapel, Palace of Westminster



**Andersen—MacMillan:** Liv Senstad, daughter of Herr & Fr. Rolf Andersen, of Oslo, Norway, was married to David, son of General Sir Gordon MacMillan of MacMillan and Knap, and Lady MacMillan, of Finlaystone, Langbank, Renfrewshire, at St. Fillans Episcopal Church, Kilmacoll, Renfrewshire



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VANDYK

**Miss Diana Susan Akroyd-Hunt to Mr. Philip Ashley John de Clermont:** *She is the daughter of Brig. J. A. Akroyd-Hunt of Grateley, Hants, & of Mrs. Geoffrey Bramwell, Birdhill, Co. Limerick. He is cousin and ward of Lt.-Col. P. H. V. de Clermont, of Morris Hall, Northumberland*



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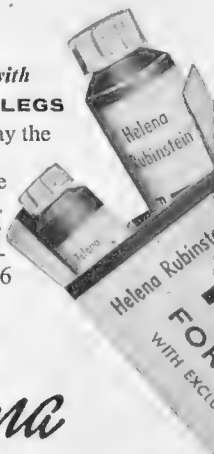
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# Helena Rubinstein

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## COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY *Albert Adair*

### *Glass that lasts*

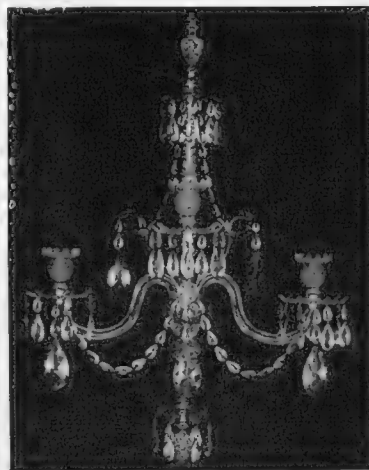
AN EXHIBITION, *The Art of Glass*, is being held to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the founding of the Circle of Glass Collectors in the New Acquisitions Court (Room 49) at the Victoria & Albert Museum. The glass shown is mainly from the collections of members of the Circle but in some instances has been lent by museums. This exhibition aims at reflecting the different interests of the members who compose the Circle and is not restricted to English glass, though this comprises some three-quarters of the whole. Illustrated (bottom) is just one of the noteworthy pieces—No. 113 in the catalogue, which is described as a posset-pot 3½ in. high. It is English of about 1676-80 and was fashioned in the London Savoy glass-house of George Ravenscroft from lead-glass decorated with vertical mould-blown ribbing. At the base of the spout there is an applied pad bearing the impressed device of the raven's head, which was George Ravenscroft's seal.

Also on show are a number of fine examples of the monumental glasses of the "baluster" period of the late 17th and early 18th centuries, as well as a large and representative selection of English wine-glasses displaying almost all the types which developed in this country throughout the 18th century, including light balusters or "balustroids," air-twists, enamel-twists, colour-twists, cut-stems and other forms between them tracing the astonishing variety of English glassmaking during this period.

Especially rare English glasses at this time were enamelled in polychrome or

white enamel by the Beilby family, and some pieces are among the exhibits.

Other fine items of the glass-maker's art are not so keenly sought by collectors and I noticed no wall lights on show. Maybe this is because they are, in the main, looked on purely as decorative pieces. Nonetheless there is a great demand for them to lend brilliance and beauty to any decor. The illustration (shown below), by courtesy of Messrs. W. G. T. Burne, of London, W.1, is of one of a fine pair of George III wall lights 38 in. high, 24 in. wide and 15½ in. in depth. The central tapering three-sided massive spire supports cut star canopies with diamond cut urn finials. Below the receivers is a diamond and notched cut baluster-shaped body piece terminating with a Vandyke cut canopy and pineapple finial. The canopies and pans are hung with cut pear drop finials and swags of linked cut pear drops fall from below the top of the canopy to back arms and front arms. Massive brilliant pear drop finials are suspended from both the back and the three front arms.



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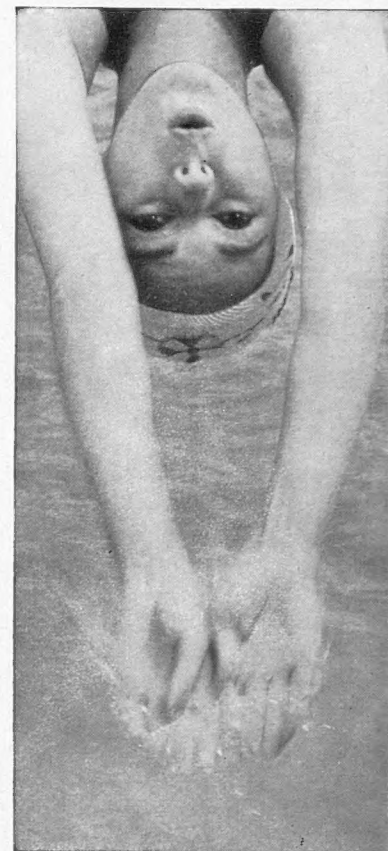
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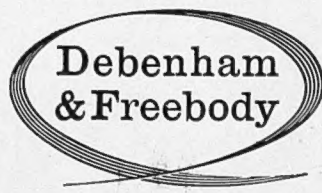
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